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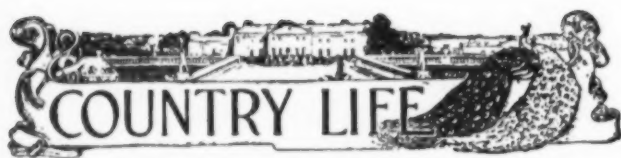
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LALLIE CHARLES,

THE COUNTESS PERCY.

399, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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DEAD AND LIVING BOOKS.

LORD ROSEBERY was in his element when opening the new buildings of the Mitchell Library at Glasgow the other night. He had a theme after his own heart, and although by a humorous calculation he showed that two hundred and twenty thousand platitudes had been uttered in connection with the Carnegie libraries, and modestly asserted that it was beyond his power to say anything new, his speech makes reading that at one and the same time affords amusement and suggests thought. The Mitchell Library has been of very great service to Glasgow. It was founded in 1877, and contains about one hundred and eighty thousand volumes. The only larger Scottish library is the Advocates' at Edinburgh, which, like the British Museum, "had the misfortune of receiving by right a copy of every publication in those islands." Lord Rosebery, in fact, made out a case that was couched in the language of jest, but animated by earnest feeling, against huge libraries. Probably the most omnivorous reader of modern times was the late Lord Acton, whose private library contained fifty thousand volumes, and who was said "to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest one thick German octavo volume every day of his life." But not even a Lord Acton could make much impression if he started to read through the Mitchell Library. If we take the age of man at the

Psalms' threescore and ten, sixty years may be considered a liberal allowance for what we may call a reading lifetime, and if Lord Acton for sixty years could keep up the practice of getting through one volume a day, it does not require much arithmetic to show that he would die before he had read half the number of his own books, to say nothing of the gigantic collections in our public libraries. There are, however, obvious distinctions to be made between collections and collections, just as there are between one book and another. The pride of the Mitchell Library is in a collection of books about Robert Burns which is probably unique and unrivalled. There is a satisfaction in having within the four walls of a Scottish library practically speaking all that has ever been said or sung about the Scottish national poet. But even in that section there is a great deal of dead matter. The books may be counted by thousands, and yet all that has been well and truly said about Burns, all that we care to remember, could be put into as many magazine articles as the fingers of a hand would be sufficient to number. This, as Lord Rosebery said, is the tragedy of books. In an eloquent passage the orator exclaimed: "What a huge cemetery of dead books, or books half alive, was represented by a great library like that. Some of them were absolutely dead—books that no human being out of a madhouse would ask for. Some were semi-living; some stray traveller or wandering student might ask for them at some heedless or too curious moment. Most of the books were dead. They shrugged their barren backs at you, appealing as it were for someone to come and take them down and rescue them from the passive collection of dust and neglect into which most of them had deservedly fallen."

From the tragedy of the book it was an easy step to that of its only begotter. In a few sentences, Lord Rosebery brought up the baffled ambitions, disappointed hopes and crushed aspirations that are represented by these literary failures. The late Lord Tennyson used sometimes to say, when he fell into the same vein of thought, "We are all marching to obscurity, some a little faster, some a little slower than the others; but all travelling to the same darkness." Similar reflections must have come to many who have stayed in a country house where there is a celebrated library. Neither guests nor members of the household disturb the venerable dust that has gathered round the volumes. In the rooms and in the corners where they read there will be found specimens of the lightest and most ephemeral literature of the day—the latest novels, memoirs, mostly of women more or less shady, and the lightest and frothiest magazines. Nor would it be fair to condemn those who prefer this kind of literature. After all, it is Goethe's "Zeitgeist" that appeals to us. Old books may not be read by us, but they have been read by our ancestors, and what was of any importance in them has been simplified, diluted and passed on, so that only in very few indeed is there any element of freshness retained. If the Bible, Shakespeare and Homer be excepted, it might almost be said that no literature possesses the ever-springing well of freshness that is necessary to allure and to captivate.

But a time must come when the earth will refuse to bear any longer the burden of dead books that it carries just now. Those who are connected with the great libraries must feel that intensely. At this season of the year, especially, there is more than a string—there is a great river of books flowing daily from the press and welling into libraries like the British Museum and the Advocates', which are bound to have a copy. Most of these books have no more life in them than if they were so many bundles of waste-paper. A very large proportion of those that go to the libraries in question never are opened. It is, therefore, a question of pressing importance what to do with them. There should be a weeding-out at least once every quarter of a century, and this applies to the small country-house library as well as to the British Museum. No possible good can result from the massing together of volumes that have nothing to make them interesting either to the book collector or to the reader.

Our Portrait Illustration.

THE frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Countess Percy, whose marriage to Earl Percy, eldest surviving son of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, took place on Wednesday. The Countess Percy is a daughter of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



ON an adjacent page will be found a review of the great and gallant gentleman who, first as the Marquess of Hartington and then as the Duke of Devonshire, was one of the strongest bulwarks of English politics. Our reviewer, who perhaps did not wish to end on a sad note, has omitted to mention the most pathetic incident in the Duke's life. It is pathetic, not because of any particular melancholy or sadness that attached to his life, but because the end of the story is always touching, and there is no doubt that the Duke of Devonshire resembled the woman in Tennyson's poem who, at the end of her days, said: "Happy has been my life, but I would not live it again." Mr. Holland's account of his last words is as follows: "Well, the game is over, and I am not sorry." The words were spoken as though he fancied himself playing a game of cards.

Lord Carrington's attitude to the Northern farmers ought to command general sympathy. They have felt themselves harassed by the milk regulations of the Board of Agriculture, and it is unquestionably true that they have real grievances to be redressed; but this does not justify them in absolute and complete opposition to the milk regulations which were drawn up for the purpose of securing to the public a supply of unadulterated milk of good quality. In these days the tendency is for consumers to demand the greatest purity in their food, and they are supported in this by the most intelligent, the most expert opinion. Lord Carrington, speaking to them with great common-sense, said that though he represented their interests in the Cabinet, there were other members who spoke for the general public, and the latter were all in favour of the consumer being protected. "If you insist," he went on, "upon having an average analysis of several samples of morning and afternoon milk, I do not think for one moment that I can get it through." The best farmers, we are sure, will not think anything the less of Lord Carrington for his frankness. They are accustomed in their ordinary business transactions to the habit of give-and-take, and they will find their own interests best secured in the future by combining them with the interests of their customers.

An interest of a most dramatic kind has been aroused by the news that Lord Clanricarde is willing to sell his Galway estate to the Congested Districts Board. It is vividly remembered by Irishmen that this estate was the scene of many violent incidents thirty years ago, and perhaps it is natural, though not very good mannered, for a note of triumph to be sounded over the event. We cannot profess to feel any sympathy whatever with Mr. John Dillon, who has been crowing loudly, and declaring that the landlords will rush to sell as soon as they begin to think that an Irish Parliament will in the course of a couple of years be established at College Green. If the plan adumbrated by Mr. Winston Churchill is to have the primary effect of rendering the holding of property insecure, then Mr. Dillon, unconsciously to himself, has furnished a most fatal objection to Home Rule. If the situation could be divested of political excitement and be considered only in its economical aspect, the news would be welcome enough, for the root of Irish discontent has undoubtedly been in the past and is still in the present over-crowding. The Congested Districts Board is doing excellent work by purchasing the estates and allotting to the holder sufficient land to enable him to make a decent living.

In the Scottish shorthorn sales which took place last week the results of foot-and-mouth disease were only too patent. They show in an unanswerable manner the direct monetary loss which is caused by the disease. The Collynie Sale is always expected to bring out high prices; but the top this year was not more than 500 guineas, and the next to it was 430 guineas, the average for fifteen bull calves being £243 10s. 7d., compared

with £378 8s. 2d. for eighteen last year. This is a most important feature of the sales, and the falling off may be accepted as a measure of the injury that has been done through the foreign ports refusing to take cattle from an infected country. It accentuates the need for still greater diligence in searching for the means by which infection has been carried. That it comes from the Continent is so probable and natural that it may be almost taken for certain; but how to find out the means by which it was borne is, we confess, a very difficult problem. It might, in the opinion of some, be solved if the examination made by the inspectors of the Board of Agriculture were more minute; but this would necessitate, in all probability, a greater bacteriological knowledge than they at present possess. Something, at all events, should be done, because it is not creditable that, out of all the outbreaks of the last twelve months, the cause of infection should have been discovered in only one case.

A farming correspondent informs us rather bitterly that he and his class are not obtaining much advantage from the increased price of hay. The history of his own crop last year and this is instructive. In 1910 he sold his hay for a certain sum, the purchaser being under a contract to remove it by a certain date. After the contract was made, hay steadily went down in price, and it was only after some agitation that the hay merchant removed two ricks? Other two remained till after January, when the buyer pulled a very poor face and pointed out that prices had gone back on him, and as he must incur a loss, it would only be fair if the vendor would meet him. This the vendor did, allowing a drawback of about ten per cent. In the current season he sold his hay to the same man, and an exactly opposite movement has taken place. The hay is very much increased in price, and is likely to increase. We have seen the contract, which stipulates that the hay should be removed by a certain date in October, which is now past. The merchant has not removed it, however, because he is waiting for still higher prices. Legally, the bargain could be cancelled; but the farmer's solicitor advises him that the least expensive way is to let the bargain stand, although he could probably win any case that was brought against him if he dropped it. It seems too bad that the merchant should get his drawback in the cheap year and should reap the whole of the profit in a bad year.

MOONSHINE.

(To be recited in a hollow voice at dusk.)

See—where the foxglove lifts his spear,
Through grasses lying stiff and wet
They come stealing when midnight's near
The lovers who cannot forget.

Now they feel neither wet nor cold
Cannot be held by lock or bar.
Spirits can afford to be bold,
Ghosts see things as they really are.

Look! they glide down the low brick wall
Over the downs the track they keep.
In eerie silence past the Hall
(Those that slew them lie there asleep).

Moonlight silvers the ghostly pair,
Harassed no more by vain alarms
In coverts deep, on hillside bare
Safe they lie in each other's arms.

Rocked by the bracken's trembling hand,
Canopied by those twisting boughs,
Shadows asleep on the livid sands
Dirges chant where the low wind sighs.

A shiver creeps o'er land and sea:
Signal to put the ghosts to flight.
With lips that burn they part company
"But our souls shall meet again to-night."

SYBIL GRANT.

This is an age of vigorous and interesting old men; but perhaps the most extraordinary of them all is Lord Strathcona. It is no secret that early in the year he was a little depressed at the outlook, and, indeed, he gave expression to this feeling by resigning his position as Lord High Commissioner of Canada. No sooner was the result of the election declared, however, than the spirit of youth seemed to return to him. He renewed his strength, and his feats since have been extraordinary for a man at ninety-one. To whip up from Scotland to London and back again was nothing. He resumed his duties as Lord High Commissioner, and even made a swift journey to Winnipeg

and back, covering a distance of no less than ten thousand and ninety-five miles in seventeen days. During the course of his journey he had important conversations with Earl Grey, the retiring Governor-General, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Borden. This is an extraordinary feat if we take into account that it is seventy-three years since Donald Alexander Smith crossed the Atlantic for the first time. As Lord Strathcona he carried with him on this occasion the same leather trunk that did duty when he first emigrated.

All our sympathies are enlisted, and are perhaps called into some special activity owing to certain circumstances of the moment, by the subterranean lives of those miners who bring up for us such treasures of coal, iron and the rest as the kind earth has to give us. It seems a dreadful life, that of which many hours are to be spent daily or nightly shut away from the sweet air of heaven in the dark underground galleries. Yet it is by no means sure that our pity is not largely wasted. It happened to the writer lately to be talking to a man of high intelligence, now in what might seem to be the most delightful employment that could be imagined—river-watcher under a most kind and generous master on what is surely one of the most beautiful of small salmon rivers in England. Once this man had been in the iron-mines, and from his charming home and present occupation he looked back on that dark delving business as engaging the happiest days of his life; for, he said, "times were good. On the coldest day you had but to go two turns down in the cage and it was warm; and on the hottest day you had but to go the same two turns down and it was cool." He spoke, it is true, rather as if happiness were to be defined in terms of temperature, which may seem a little narrow, but, after all, there have been worse attempts at its definition. At all events, he who had tried it had no idea that the miner's life, as such, was one that deserved pity.

As the time approaches for the auction of the Crystal Palace, many suggestions are finding publicity as to its disposal. Lord Rosebery has expressed the opinion that "the loss of the Crystal Palace would be, as regards the interests of the people, nothing short of a national misfortune." The Mayor of Camberwell suggests that it should be presented to the King by public subscription and made free to the public. He considers that as soon as the Tube railway is extended to it, a large crowd would go nearly every day of the week, and the surrounding buildings would be enhanced in value. Mr. Howard Frank and Mr. J. Roy Lancaster have put forward what is, perhaps, the most practical suggestion. They protest against the general belief that "the interests involved are so vast that the chances of the property being acquired for national purposes are remote." They point out that if the Palace itself were razed to the ground there would be an area of a hundred acres left which would afford an excellent site for exhibition buildings and Colonial purposes. The area around this open space would become more valuable and be easily let. No doubt, if the money could be raised in time, the estate could be acquired in such a way as to become of great service to the civic population. But, on the other hand, there is always a risk that the acute building speculator may be beforehand and snatch at the ground for his own purposes.

One of our weekly contemporaries has lately been holding a literary competition that is rather out of the ordinary. It was to give four examples of the names of persons in life or story that have become common words, classical allusions not being admitted. The results appear to show that the English language does not easily absorb the names of fictitious characters. Gamp, pander, philander, and quixotic, are the only ones that have come to be used without capital letters. A Benedick and a Don Juan, a Shylock and a Mrs. Grundy, are well-established descriptions of certain qualities (the last is one of two rival farmers' wives in the comedy "Speed the Plough"); but it is doubtful if "trilbies" for a large and obvious pair of boots, or the fatuous "little Mary" have outlived their own generations. The names of real persons, however, have added a great many words to the language; for instance, bowdlerise, boycott, brougham, burke, chesterfield, garibaldi, gladstone, lynch, macadam. Martinet is derived from an officer of that name who served under Louis XIV., and silhouette from a Minister of Finance of Louis XV., whose reputation for parsimony caused cheap novelties, such as portraits produced by the "profeel machine," to be described as "à la silhouette."

In some ways the present aspect of our gardens is very interesting and unusual. Certain plants, such as the montbretias and the pentstemons, are flowering so as to convey the impression that it is a very late year. Yet we all know that

the heat of the summer and other causes pressed all floral development forward—the wheat harvest was, perhaps, the most striking example—so that the season was, on the contrary, an abnormally early one, generally speaking. On the other hand, there were some plants, such as many of the rock garden flowers, which seemed to suffer so badly under the scorching that they looked as if no life were left in them. It is true enough, unfortunately, that some of these, together with many an azalea and not a few rhododendrons and others, did actually pay the last penalty; but, after all, when the autumn rain came at last, the great majority proved what a wonderful power of revival they have. Their growth was merely arrested, not killed, by the drought, and this temporary arrest is, no doubt, the explanation of the late flowering of several varieties in what has been in general an early year.



LINES SENT WITH A CASSEROLE TO MY FRIEND C. E. F
ON THE OCCASION OF HER MARRIAGE.

This little fire-proof casserole,
Accept from me;
Nor silver entrée dish, nor costly bowl
Are meet for thee
Who, from thy simple, gentle soul,
Loves modesty.

Lift from its inmost depths the pullet tender,
When kind Fate sends her:
Or, should a cruel Destiny deny
Such luxury,
Sixpennyworth from out a neck o' mutton
Will feast a glutton.

RECIPE FOR COOKING.

First.—Place the mutton in the casserole
Preferably whole:
Add pepper, salt, and spices to your taste
But none to waste.
Three sliced potatoes, and a savoury onion,
Cover with water, gently bake, till just done.
Then, serve to hungry stomach, grateful soul,
And thank the giver of the casserole.

ELIZABETH KIRK.

Once more the names of our two most famous diarists are brought into pleasant conjunction by the editing by Mr. E. K. Purnell for the Historical Manuscripts Commission of the notable papers which Evelyn first lent and afterwards gave to Pepys. They have long lain unnoticed among the treasures of the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge. While their intrinsic interest is great, for they throw some light on many unsolved problems, such as the degree of Leicester's complicity in Amy Robsart's death, they serve to whet the appetite for further publication of the unedited material of Pepys' collections. Further, they throw fresh emphasis on the extraordinary versatility of his interests, and serve as new evidence to rebut the foolish popular notion that this great public servant and bibliophile was a shallow fellow, whose life was made up of entertaining but discreditable pleasures.

A very excellent way for the tying-up of Michaelmas daisies is worth a moment's notice. As a rule we see them either collected together with a strong string round the waist, giving to the whole plant rather the aspect of a bolster tied up by its middle, or else they are rather less hideously held within bounds by a string encircling several uprights of bamboo set up round about the plant. A far better way is that of inserting pea-sticks into the ground when the plants are small. They will then naturally, as they grow, find their way in and out of the spreading small branches of these, and a little attention and encouragement will guide their young shoots among them still more satisfactorily. In this way we get a plant well held together—it may still be necessary to put perhaps one, not tightly encircling, string round it—yet not with a pinched or bunched-in waist; and the small brown branches of the pea-sticks, if seen at all, give no offence to the eye.

A GREAT COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

ONE of the most important events of the week has been the publication of the "Life of the Duke of Devonshire, 1833-1908" (Longmans). The author, Mr. Bernard Holland, takes the very proper view that the chief interest in the Duke's life was political.

At any rate, it was as a statesman that he commanded public attention and earned public respect. It is entirely in accordance with the traditions of the family to which he belonged that a considerable amount of reticence should be maintained in regard to his private life. Mr. Holland has perhaps carried discretion to an extreme point. At any rate, he has given us comparatively few particulars that help us to realise the Duke "in dressing-gown and slippers." He has concentrated his energy on those points in the great career he had to describe which are landmarks in history. Nothing could be clearer or more admirable than the way in which he has described the various steps by which the Marquess of

doubt that the Duke carried with him the whole-hearted support of the great body of calmly judging, temperate, common-sense Englishmen. His was the very embodiment of the national temperament. Mr. Gladstone, in the course of one of his letters, with that dexterity of appeal for which he was famous, showed that Lord Hartington owed it to the country as a hereditary



FISHING AT LISMORE.

dealt with in the pages of our daily contemporaries, who, naturally, feel first concerned with politics. It is our business to show that other side of the Duke of Devonshire's life which must appeal very strongly to our readers. The Duke of Devonshire was one of the best sportsmen of his age and a model landed proprietor. Mr. Holland tells us that the word duty was frequently on his lips and still oftener in his mind. It was duty that impelled him to the field of politics. He had nothing to gain and no personal ambition to serve. There was no other man in the England of his time who was likely to have three times in succession refused the Premiership of Great Britain. Even he, careless as he was of outward honours, perhaps regretted the last of these refusals, and it is a legitimate subject of speculation, what would have happened if he had been at the head of affairs. Probably all the turmoil we have gone through during the last few years about the Liberal Budget, the Parliament Bill and other matters of violent agitation might have been avoided. There is no



ON THE BOLTON MOORS, 1904.

Hartington, as he then was, became separated from Mr. Gladstone, the long political associate with whom he was in no real sympathy, and the very different manner in which he, as Duke of Devonshire, left the Government of Mr. A. J. Balfour, with whose policy he was much more in accord. But these matters have been very fully

ruler and as an owner of a great estate to give it his services, and of the truth of this argument his life was the best recognition. Left to himself, he would have found his satisfaction in the ordinary pursuits of a country gentleman. Even in his Cambridge days this was very evident. His biographer tells us that after he had been three weeks up he felt very much inclined to go to Newmarket, a temptation to which he frequently succumbed afterwards, but he resisted the first time. He found consolation in taking advantage of opportunities that offered themselves for hunting and shooting. Mr. Holland very aptly classifies him with those Englishmen who, as Sidonia in Disraeli's novel unexpectedly remarks, "are so like the ancient Greeks, because they know no language but their own, and live in the open air." Perhaps his favourite outdoor pastime, at any rate in his youth, was hunting.

Mr. Holland says "he was a bold rider, and his figure was especially well known at the meets in the country near Kimbolton



COMPTON PLACE.

Castle." In middle life his greatest delight lay in racing. At the time of his death there was published in our pages an intimate account of his career on the Turf, the accuracy of which is thoroughly borne out by the remarks of Mr. Holland. Lord Hartington has told that he dreamed one night of having won the Derby; but this was a triumph denied to him, though in

1808 his horse Dieudonné was considered to have a good chance. "The most 'classic'" of his victories was at a much earlier date, when he won the One Thousand Guineas, and £4,750 therewith, in the year 1877, after a thrilling race, by a neck, with his fair and rare Belphebe, a filly whom Vaga bore to a noble sire, Toxophilite. In the Oaks the same bay lady all but defeated the brilliant Placida, and for a triumphant season or two she won, or nearly won, many other races. "Shall I call my daughter Belphebe?" wrote to Lord Hartington a friend new blessed with an infant. Indeed, 'tis a charming name, and fit for the proudest beauty." Our sporting contributor told what a tornado of cheering was heard when the all-straw colours got home.

The Duke was always very fond of shooting, and in our number for August 20th, 1904, there will be found an excellent account by Mr. C. J. Cornish, then our Shooting Editor, of a shoot at Bolton Hall by a brilliant company, among whom was the present King, then Prince of Wales. The total bag for the Thirteenth was 241½ brace. In one drive the Prince of Wales killed sixty-four grouse.

The Duke himself, in the tactful words of his biographer, "liked shooting well enough, and was deemed rather a dangerous shot by (and to) his friends and relatives. Shooting in the Highlands stimulated his nerves, and he is said to have suffered at critical moments of the sport from the excitement known as 'stag fever.'" He took a considerable delight in angling, and by the courtesy of the publishers we show a picture of him on the river at Lismore. But even more interesting than the sports with which he was amused are the little thumb-nail sketches of his lighter hours, which are given us by the biographer. His estate work was his most congenial pursuit, and he

concerned his estates. His agents referred or reported all matters to him directly. He required full information before coming to a decision, and important questions were personally discussed by him with his agents. The estate accounts were



CHATSWORTH.

all kept in a very elaborate manner, and at the end of each year an exhaustive report was made on them, pointing out and explaining in what respect the figures varied from those of the preceding year, and these reports he carefully studied. Requests for pecuniary assistance for persons or objects connected with the estates were very numerous, and the Duke always met generously any demand which had a reasonable claim on him. He realised fully that his great possessions entailed great obligations on him, and his own personal interests were the last things he considered in his dealings with his tenants on his estates."

To these characteristics was joined a fine simplicity that was expressed in an unassuming manner, and a very plain taste in regard to clothes, food and so forth. There are many anecdotes that illustrate these features. His aversion to new apparel was very great. At race-meetings he wore a certain round hat such a disgracefully long time that it is said four-and-twenty ladies conspired to send him each a new hat on the same day. Once at lunch in Devonshire house in 1893, after attending a levée, he asked: "How many years is it since 1866, when this uniform was new?" His dress shocked the middle-class instincts of Mr. W. H. Smith, who wrote from Aix-les-Bains in August, 1888: "Yesterday Lord Hartington came to see me, dressed as a seedy, shady sailor, but he sat down and talked politics for half-an-hour, and he said it was pleasant in a place like this to have some work to do." His biographer, to illustrate his preference for plain and substantial food, quotes a story told by Mr. Wilfred



HARDWICK HALL.

considered it his greatest duty. He had estates in Derbyshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cumberland, Lincolnshire, Somerset, Sussex, Middlesex and Ireland, and we are told by Mr. Charles Hamilton that "the Duke took a keen interest in all that

Ward. He had arrived at a small dinner-party in London, after a long day of committees, both tired and hungry. "And he was obviously dissatisfied with the unusually unsubstantial character of the excellently-cooked French

dishes which formed the first courses at dinner. His remarks were for a time few and brief. I was sitting nearly opposite to him, and a little later my attention was aroused by hearing him suddenly exclaim in deep tones, 'Hurrah! something to eat at last'—as some solid roast beef made its appearance." This was in 1885, and Mr. Ward goes on to say: "Some

eighteen years later I was dining at the British Embassy in Rome with Sir Frank Bertie, and the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire were staying in the house as his guests. After dinner I was presented to the Duke, who talked politics very pleasantly for some minutes. I then ventured to remind him that we had once met before, and he looked somewhat blankly at me until I mentioned the place of our meeting. Then he exclaimed, with strong feeling,

'Of course I remember. *We had nothing to eat.*' The inadequate French dishes had dwelt in his mind for nearly twenty years." A delightful trait in the Duke was his love of children. "Lady Granville's daughters can remember him stretched on the floor, and unsuccessfully endeavouring to defeat them in the ancient game of 'knuckle bones,' which for a year or two, in the later seventies,

while he led the Liberal Opposition, had a passing revival." It was natural for this rugged, simple and absolutely sincere statesman to dislike exceedingly anything that savoured of pretentiousness in speechifying. His dislike to the "terrific diction" is illustrated by the following anecdote: "Some orator in the House of Lords said on one occasion, 'This

is the proudest moment in my life.' The Duke murmured to his neighbour, 'The proudest moment in my life was when my pig won the first prize at Skipton Fair.'" The biographer remarks that "this glorious incident probably took place when he was a boy at Holker Hall." These trifling anecdotes have an aggregate importance, because they endow the political bones with the life and blood of a human being. Take him in what aspect we may, the Duke

of Devonshire was a personality of whom his countrymen have every reason to be proud. Mr. Bernard Holland has done his work with an incisive clearness that will delight the literary reader, and also with a reticence and good taste which are in strict conformity with the characteristics of the late Duke and the family to which he belonged.



THE LATE DUKE'S PIGS ON BEACHY HEAD.

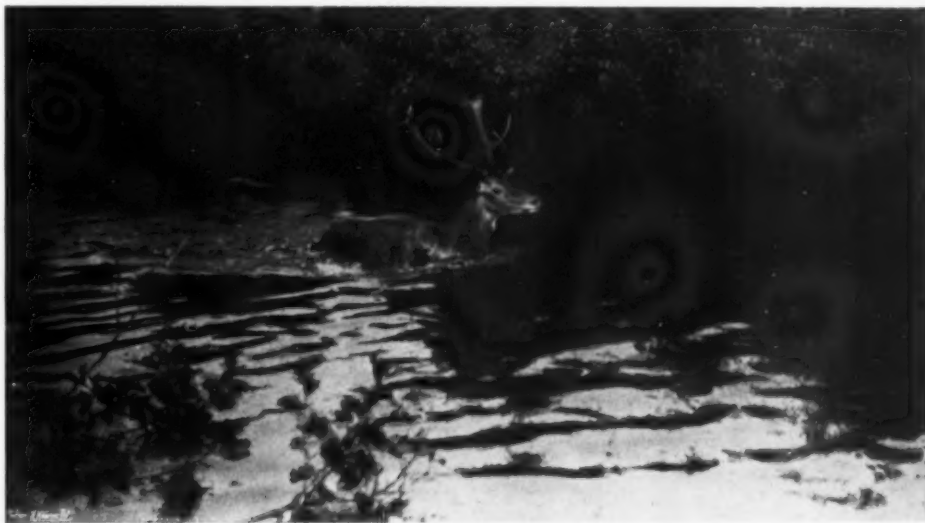
"The proudest moment in MY life was when my pig won the first prize at [Skipton Fair.]"

THE STAG-HUNTING SEASON.

THE late stag-hunting season on Exmoor, for it will be over when these words see the light, will be remembered for the sharp contrast between the earlier and later weeks. The drought, the hardness of the ground, and the fact that stags always run strongly after a dry season, gave the quarry almost always the best of it in the hunts of the earlier part of the season. There was one actually blank day, when the pack was never laid on at all, simply because the tufters could not find scent enough to separate the chosen stag from his fellows. Tropical heat and clouds of dust practically destroyed all scent, even the sweet and holding foil of the deer. And, indeed, if the hounds had been able to hunt, the ground was not fit to ride on. It is, moreover, very difficult to harbour stags on such dry ground, and people began to think that warrantable stags were scarce. Yet it is now known that there were more good stags on the forest than could possibly be hunted in the time that remained before the close of the stag-hunting season. Then came the rain and the moist sea fogs, which swept up over Exmoor, and

the whole aspect of the sport changed. Day after day scent was good, and at times even burning, so much so that on every hunting day at least one warrantable stag was taken, and the hunts became almost too much like Beckford's fox-hunt—short, sharp and decisive. The fact is, that a stag can go on for ever if allowed to go his own pace and his own way; but the modern foxhound, with his combination of power and speed, with beautifully-laid shoulders that enable him to race down hill, and a back and loins that will take him up the steepest slopes faster than any stag could go, frequently drives the stags out of their country, defeats their wiles, for which, indeed, there is no time, and soon runs them to a standstill. Everyone knows that with a scent, and a carted

deer in as good condition as old oats and hay can make him, if you allow hounds to press him in the early stages of a run, you can generally run up to him in under half-an-hour. So fast do modern hounds travel on the scent that it has become the custom on Exmoor to stop hounds in order to give the field a chance, and perhaps to let the stag catch his second wind.



H. E. Hall.

AT HELE BRIDGE.

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NEARING THE END.

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The past season will be remembered as having afforded some of the fastest gallops seen on Exmoor of recent years. Perhaps the most notable fixture for remarkable chases has been Hawkrigge. But, then, that is no new thing in the history of the Devon and Somerset. Few seasons pass by without some story of the exploits of a Hawkrigge stag being added to its records. But I can scarcely recollect a better hunt from all points of view than the gallop which began at Hawkrigge and ended at Malmsmead on September 18th. This was after an extraordinarily stout stag, for he covered something like five-and-twenty miles between the rouse and his death. This run was, too, a striking instance of the value of condition in hounds; and one sometimes wonders what the secret of the Exford kennels is in this respect,

seeing that some of their hardest work is done in the hottest days of the summer, when their relatives the foxhounds are safely in kennel before the staghounds begin their day's work.

Another feature of the past season has been the work of the hounds. They are divided into two packs, one for the moorland and a mixed pack of dogs and bitches for the woodlands. These latter have shown that the presence of bitches has certainly tended to increase the drive of the pack. It was in Mr. E. A. V. Stanley's time that the change was made and some smaller hounds were introduced. The West Surrey staghounds which he purchased were moderate-sized bitches, and after a short experience of the chase of the wild red deer proved to be as keen and bloodthirsty as the old type of big dog hounds. Nor have the wiles of the hunted



H. E. Hatt.

THROUGH THE BRACKEN.

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stag ceased, though sometimes they are turned against him. For example, on September 29th of the cub season the fixture was at Northmoor. The stag broke over Anstey Common, a pleasant riding country which has been crossed fairly often this year. There were two stags in front of hounds, a warrantable deer and his attendant squire. The custom of the old stag on these occasions is to endeavour to shift the pursuit on to the galloping youngster, who has, be it noted, a much better chance of escape from hounds than his heavier relative. The device succeeded, and Tucker soon found that he was hunting the younger stag. Once upon a time the hounds would have been stopped and the pack taken back to look for their legitimate quarry. But the huntsman, being a master of woodcraft, knew that the young deer would, as their custom is, lead him back to the hiding-place of the master stag. There was a

hunting scent, and hounds held to the foil of their deer fairly well, having to work for it back to the covert where the old stag was hiding. Once again the two started together, but the pursuit was shifted to the youngster; at length the pack found the old stag alone, and raced him to bay near Dulverton town. So much does the success of a stag-hunt depend, after all, upon that which gives it so great a charm, the combination of the woodcraft of the man with the drive and work of the pack, that this hunt was thoroughly enjoyed by those who saw it. After all, this season's score of stags killed, in spite of five weeks of very unfavourable conditions, will probably be not under thirty warrantable stags fairly taken, including one of the grandest heads seen on Exmoor for some time, and put the crown on to the success of Mr. Morland Greig's first season as Master. X.

THE FUTURE OF CHINA.



Herbert G. Ponting.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA AT THE NUNKOW PASS.

Copyright.

UPON European ears the news that a rebellion had broken out in China came last week with the shock of a great surprise. It was not that politicians were unaware of the forces, subterranean and otherwise, that for long had been threatening to shake the Manchu dynasty, but Europe was passing through an experience that concentrated attention on the affairs at home. One of the periodical agitations against this country had sprung up in Germany; there were moments in the Morocco affair when a declaration of war might easily have occurred; the action of Italy in Tripoli had opened up a vista of new complications in the Near East; and in Great Britain attention had been still further diverted from distant affairs by the unrest among our labouring populations and a general sense of impending upheaval. It added greatly to the general complication when it was announced that a rebellion had broken out at Wuchang, a city standing opposite Hankow on the banks of the Yang-tse. It was ominously related that a portion of the army had gone over to the insurgents, and, events following one another with startling rapidity, it was discovered that China was face to face with a state of affairs which could only be paralleled by that existing during the Taiping rebellion. Hankow was seized by the insurgents, and the rising extended to Chang-sha, capital of the province of Hunan. Five great cities now seem to be affected. Treasure, arms and ammunition have been seized, and all the elements exist for a very formidable

rebellion. That it should have occurred cannot surprise students of history. It is often pointed out that the civilisation of China, affecting as it does four hundred million people, has existed longer than any other; but then, so has its barbarism. If a fraction of the stories told of the late Empress be true, the methods of government in modern China would have disgraced the worst oligarchy of mediæval times. And in spite of the Chinese jealousy of the intrusion not only of foreigners, but of modern thought and modern methods, it was impossible that a wave of enlightenment should not pass over this vast country. The experience of the last ten or fifteen years has had a very awakening effect. There was, in the first place, the dispute with France over Tongking, out of which China emerged with increased prestige. It was a new experience to win a diplomatic battle against a European Power with a threat of war hanging over both countries. Then came the disastrous war with Japan, and war, though dreadful, is a most efficient schoolmaster. But the most striking occurrence of all was the victory that Japan managed to secure over Russia. On this advance of the yellow race new hopes and expectations were built in the Far East. From that time until now there has been noticeable a different, a more insolent and aggressive, bearing on the part of those dim and mighty populations of the Far East which hitherto had been content to acknowledge Western supremacy. Indirectly the growth of this feeling has, no doubt, affected the attitude of the Chinese to their Emperor and the character of



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A CHINESE MEMORIAL ARCH.

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the Government over which he presides. They see in it a barrier to the efficiency of the nation and to its advance to a position equal to that of Japan. It must be remembered that the leader of the rebels is Sun-Yat Sen, a doctor who has been educated in the West and has a thorough understanding of our civilisation and what it means. It is to the benefit of the foreign population that he is said to be a Christian, and there has been so far no such attempt at the massacre of "foreign devils" as have characterised previous risings in China. The insurrection is plainly directed against the reigning dynasty. The Government has exhibited more energy, and perhaps more wisdom, than was expected, even though the issue of the

edicts has been touched with a Gilbert and Sullivan flavour, calculated to evoke laughter. It was characteristic of this singular Government that the governor of the province in which the rebellion took place should be, with one and the same breath, deprived of his honours and told to retrieve his reputation. The dreadful consequences that are to follow failure are hinted at in no ambiguous terms. The end must depend wholly upon the soldiery. The rebels are to a considerable extent trained military men. If there is much defection of regiments to the side of Sun-Yat Sen, the establishment of a republic in China will become a dream that at least contains a possibility of being realised.



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WALL OF THE TARTAR CITY, PEKIN.

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TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE MAN IN THE RED FEZ.

BY
MARIAN BOWER.



UNTIL the day when Jack Vincent came of age, he believed himself to be an orphan; then he was told, as considerably as his guardian could, that his father had fled the country years ago in consequence of so discreditable a scandal that his mother had changed her name in order that her son should not be pursued by allusions to his parent's crime.

"The trouble killed your mother, my boy," old General Carrinton, a man who had served his country in most of the uncomfortable places of the globe, went on, and, he added, when he saw how Jack's face fell, how the brightness was suddenly quenched from it, "You must bear up. You are a man."

Instead of directly replying, Jack asked another question. "Is he dead, Sir?" he said.

He had talked about his father glibly enough, heretofore; he would not say that word now.

The General hesitated. To lie would be so much the more pleasant. But General Carrinton would not have won the V.C., would not have been followed by the affection of every man who served under him, had he limited himself to doing what was pleasant.

"No, my boy!" he answered. "He is not dead. I have reason to know that he is alive."

"Why?" asked Jack.

"He draws a small sum quarterly. Your great-Aunt Maria left it to him so."

"Where do you send it?" went on Jack.

"To the Credit Lyonnais in Marseilles," answered the General.

That conversation changed the whole of Jack Vincent's career. He had been destined for the Army. Into the Army he would have gone and made as good a soldier as any man; but, instead, he threw up his final examination and started the same evening for Marseilles. Something impelled him to try to seek out this father of his, to try to discover what life he was leading. At Marseilles he met with so many obstacles, he found himself so often on what he thought was the right track and lost it again, that it developed in him an instinct that he had not known he possessed. He found he had a talent for investigation. Once certain of that, thanks to the influence of General Carrinton, Jack soon found himself employed on minor diplomatic matters—very minor ones to begin with—and then on more important ones, until by the time he was thirty-five there was no man in the Secret Intelligence Department more highly thought of.

It was on a lovely spring day that Jack received orders to betake himself, as fast as his genius for getting to a given destination in the shortest space of time would let him, to Gibraltar. There were some unpleasant leakages there. Too much was known by the foreign Powers about the new armament in the Mediterranean casements.

Jack went off as cheerfully as he always did. But he thought, as he never failed to do when going on a new errand, that perhaps by chance he might come on a trace of his father at last. He did not believe that father was dead, though, from the day he (Jack) walked to the counter of the bank in Marseilles, the man known there as Mr. Robinson Smith had never claimed the money lying to his account.

Once at the "Rock," Jack put up in the least bad of the indifferent hotels, and one morning, when the wind was still but pleasantly warm, when the wistaria over the "Convent," as the Governor's house is called, was still purple with its great tassels of flowers, and the few trees on the Alameda—the promenade of Gibraltar—were not yet grey with dust, he began to stroll about the narrow, steep streets. Jack had a belief

in strolling about a place. He said he got most of his best clues between the gutter and the wall. He looked attentively at the mixed population as it passed him—"scorps" with that uneasy expression which seems to be their inheritance, Tommies newly sent from England and still frankly restless in this cooped-up, stone-curtained little settlement, officers who looked at him as if he might be one of themselves, traders from over the Straits, tourists, English, French, very few of these, and Americans, who preponderated.

Presently he chanced to stop before a shop at the lower end of the Ramp of George and Pitt, which is wedged in, so steep and so narrow, between the walls of the old harbour and the King's Bastion. It was a curiosity shop which had attracted him. Such establishments abound; where the ignorant are put off with rubbish turned out by the dozen in Birmingham, where those a trifle more discriminating are cajoled into buying modern brasswork for antique, and where a few things are hidden away, only to be brought out for those who will not open their purses otherwise. Vincent belonged to this third degree. He had seen a roll of Spanish leather behind a pile of cheap rugs. He meant to have that leather; so, because it was at the far corner, he started by asking the prices of various things which hung against the door.

The man in charge of the shop answered patiently. He was clad in ample white garments, with a red fez on his head; he was past middle age, he was very dark, more than a little stout. But his eyes were curiously blue. Jack noted that at once. Still, he knew enough of the desert to recollect that certain tribes, mingled probably centuries ago with settlers from Rome or Phoenicia, inherited this peculiarity. All the same, he kept it in mind.

After half-an-hour or more of patient preliminary, it occurred to Jack that the shopkeeper was playing a game as well as he. The man was edging him towards an inner room. Either there was something there of particular value, or the Moor wanted him within for purposes of his own.

Jack recollected the revolver that never left his pocket, and smiled. He made up his mind to be lured into that room. It came about as he had anticipated. No sooner were they both over the threshold than the door closed with a spring. It went to with so heavy a sound that Vincent knew it must be sheeted with iron. He glanced sharply about him. There were bales and boxes by the walls, a few rugs, other things that might cheat the eye of the inquisitive; a curious camel trunk, Arabian apparently, took up the centre of the floor. He knew what had happened. He was entrapped. The thought but elated him. He had come on such useful things when in the tightest places. He stood still, smiled, while the man in the fez, suddenly changing from a manner of humble politeness to one of arrogance, seated himself in an old chair before that Arabian trunk and remarked: "You are my prisoner, Mr. Vincent."

"You know my name," observed Jack, conversationally.

The Moor repeated his assertion. "You are my prisoner," he said again.

"For the time being, perhaps," answered Jack, airily. "What do you want of me?"

"You," returned the big man with the brown face, "are sent here by the British Government. I find you in the way, but you have spared me so much trouble by walking into my power like a fly into a spider's web that I feel quite inclined to be lenient to you. I will give you your choice. I don't always with those who have a private interview with me here. You can take your time, a reasonable time, during which you will be watched, and then go home saying you have found nothing, or——"

"Or," broke in Jack.

He repeated that one word, not because he hesitated, but because there was something about this man which arrested him. From the first moment the door banged behind them, Vincent knew that it was not an African whom he had before him. This man was a European, one of an International gang of thieves probably. But the voice, speaking English with an accent so carefully slipped that Jack suspected it from the first syllable, aroused something which could hardly be called a memory, it was so vague, but which was yet the consciousness of having heard it before.

It was to give himself time until recollection worked that Jack Vincent temporised.

"Or?" he repeated, as the big man remained silent.

"It is simple enough," the other answered, impatiently. "You will die."

Jack smiled with what amounted to a polite contradiction.

"I suppose," he went on, quite conversationally, "you are concerned in a good many big things—robberies," he amplified.

The man in the fez smiled. Jack drew another conclusion. This so-called Moor was an Englishman. All nations have their national form of valour; the Frenchman likes a dash to a band, the Teuton a plodding march uphill facing bullets, the Englishman—and how much more the Irishman—pluck with a pronounced flavour of impertinence in it.

"I suppose," pursued Vincent, in such a tone as he would have used had he been asking about a neighbour's pheasants, "you make a good thing out of it?"

"Do you make your game pay?" suddenly retorted the other.

"I make both ends meet, but you can't exactly call it a money-making job," returned Jack, pleasantly.

"Then," rounded off the stout man in the chair, "it would be a pity to die for so little."

"I don't mean to," Jack answered.

"You accept my terms," darted out the other.

Jack shook his head. The big man rose. Jack saw that the tussle was going to be a hot one. He looked, not at the unopened door, but at the eyes. He had seen them somewhere before.

"Decide," said the big man, his two hands on the Arabian trunk.

Jack drew back apace. "I don't want to take an unfair advantage," he returned. "I am armed."

"Being armed avails you nothing," the big man answered, always with his thumbs resting on two brass bosses of the trunk. "Do you suppose I brought you in here without having taken precautions against that? As you lift your arm I press down my thumbs, and as I press them down they will work a lever and the floor will open; you are standing in quite the right place; I have been waiting for you to get into position. You will be dropped into a cellar below. That cellar has a window looking out on to the sea; a boat will be rowed under it to-night, your body will be carried across the Straits, and, if it should be washed up or discovered, there are no coroner's inquests or police enquiries."

Jack heard his sentence, and as he listened an amazing thing happened. Every vestige of colour left his face; Jack Vincent was mortally afraid.

The big man saw the change, laughed as if he were disappointed. "Ah!" he said, and he was so contemptuous now that he forgot to slip his words, "that fetches you, does it?"

The voice, speaking the pure English of an educated man, made Jack shiver. He moved forward, impetuously.

"Keep where you are!" thundered the man with the fez, "or I set the spring working at once."

Jack laughed, shortly. "I was not thinking of myself," he ground out.

"Of whom, then?" sneered the man with the fez.

Jack looked at the ample figure, at the dark face. He wanted to disbelieve his own eyes, his own memory. But he would not have belonged to the profession he did had he not possessed that photographic faculty for recalling details of form, of sound, of feature. As he waited, that faculty was in full play within him. It summoned up before him a picture seen in his youth. As a very little boy, before the troubles came to his mother, she once organised some theatricals for a charity. There had been a character dressed in a Moor's white garments with a red fez on the head. Jack could see that character now. The remembrance made him stand still, dumb.

"Come, answer, of whom were you thinking, if not of yourself?" began the man who was waiting for him. "You take so long. I have been very patient."

"Indeed," cried out Jack, "I have not been long. I had to be sure."

"Of what?" demanded the other.

Vincent could not say, not just yet. He was clean-minded, an honourable Englishman.

"Give me a moment," he muttered.

"Do you want to confess something?" jeered the man with the fez.

Jack shook his head. He was trying to think how he could begin. He looked up at the one electric burner which lighted the room, but it would not help him; he looked at the rubbish round the walls—that was as useless to him. He looked at that trunk with its covering of tanned horse's hide and those two significant brass knobs—they would help him even less.

The man in the fez took out a cigarette, lighted it. "Would you like one?" he said, roughly. "It might quicken your wits."

Jack refused. At this crisis he could not afford to be drugged. "I wonder," he said, with a sharp, uncertain laugh, "whether there are many gullible tourists waiting in the shop?"

The man in the white garments quite appreciated the point. "I do put them off with such rubbish," he observed.

He puffed placidly. Jack understood; he was to have until the cigarette was finished. He looked at it as it diminished—at the tip of grey growing longer and longer, at the stump growing smaller. He watched until this man with the dyed face took the end out of his mouth and threw it on to the floor. Jack noticed there were others in the same corner. He counted as many as three.

"Now," the big man began.

"Yes," answered Jack, "I am ready."

"Have you anything to say?" the other demanded.

"I have," answered Jack Vincent.

"What?"

"That," answered the man on His Majesty's Service to the International thief, "I know you!"

The man in the Arab costume darted his hand out towards the brass boss.

"No," retorted Jack, "I should not turn the handle for a few moments yet."

The man waited, his hand still stretched out, his thumb down, just poised above that lump of Eastern ornament.

"Yes," went on Jack. "I know you. Do you know me?"

The man he addressed flung a question at him. "You are Jack Vincent?" he asked.

Instead of answering, Jack continued: "Let me recall to you one time when you wore that same costume; perhaps the first time you ever put it on."

"How do you know when that was?" the other thrust in.

"Because I was there," Jack answered.

"How old are you?" the man in white suddenly cried out. Vincent told his age.

"Then," answered the other, "you could not know when first I wore such clothes as these."

"I remember seeing you in them."

"You?" answered this man.

"I," affirmed Jack.

There followed a silence. It might have been for one hour; it might have been for a few seconds. Not a sound came in from without, could come in, and yet into this oppressive atmosphere, so close and yet so damp, had entered an element that had not been there before.

At last the man in the white flung himself round, laughed scornfully. "You lie," he cried; "by your own showing you were only a child."

"Think," answered Jack. "Were there no children there?"

"There was one," began the man in the fez. He stopped. "There was only one," he suddenly bewailed.

He stood a moment motionless, then he began to rock, to stagger; he drew back his hand as if that boss might sting him now; his face, for all its colouring, came out in patches of grey; his eyes grew so round that their whites looked as exaggerated as those of a nigger twanging a banjo on the sea sands.

"There was only one," he repeated.

Jack came a step nearer. "I was that one," he said.

The big man heard. "You!" he ejaculated.

"I was that one," Jack Vincent repeated.

The man in the Moor's costume flung open his white garment, tore at it as if the mockery of it was more than he could stand; he put up his hand, pulled off his fez, dashed it to the ground.

"What relation was that one child to you?" Jack asked this time.

The man with the dyed face groaned again.

Jack came round to him, stood near to him. The big man shrank. He cowered as if dwelling so long among slaves he had learned their ways; he put up his hand as if to ward off a blow.

Jack looked down, pale, compelling, stern. "What relation was that one child to you?" he repeated.

At length this wretched man answered. "My son," he stammered, and he whispered the two words as if the boxes and the cases and the rubbish must not hear them.

Jack Vincent straightened himself. "Yes," he said, "I am that son."

The man with the wild hair, with the dilated eyes, looked at him. "You are called Vincent," he blurted out.

"My mother changed her name," Jack answered.

"Because of me?" shot out the big man.

"Because of you," answered Jack.

He waited a moment. He saw this stout man who was his father, who had been the husband of the mother he loved so dearly, sink into the rickety old chair; he saw the heavy head fall forward among the masses of white linen.

Jack had not known what he intended to do, what he intended should come next. Now he laid his hand on the great shoulder. "Sir," he said, and into that one word he put so much of a son's duty, if not exactly of a son's love, that the man who heard it started. "Will you come with me? I have looked for you for years."

"It was you, then, who made enquiries at the Credit Lyonnais," the wretched man jerked out. "I thought it was the police."

"It was I," answered Jack.

"You!" mumbled the brown-faced man. "You! You! Why did you want to look for me?"

"You are my father," answered Jack.

The man in the chair looked up. He glanced at his son—his, and what had his life been? He sat very still; but as he remained there his head fell, inch by inch, so slowly, until it rested on his chest.

The abasement, the silence of it, wrung Jack's heart. "You must come away," he cried out. "We will begin again together."

The man who heard sprang up. This had indeed touched him. The light flashed into his face, a sudden glow into the blue eyes. But as suddenly it was quenched. "No," he began, vehemently, "you have your career, you are known all over Europe. Fancy me and—" He stopped. He laughed with that terrible mirthlessness of one who has run a doubtful course and come to the end of it.

Jack heard every intonation, marked each gradation of feeling. His training made him see twenty signs the average man might have missed. "Yes," he returned, sticking to his point, "we will go away together. We will start again."

The man who heard began that laugh anew, pulled up in the middle of it. His eyes suddenly looked hard before him, he straightened himself, he seemed to have thought of something which, for a moment, made an honest man of him.

"Will you shake hands with me, my son?" he said.

Jack took the offered hand. He looked hard into the face of his father. Again experience told him a bitter truth. In spite of this flash of something better, it was impossible for him not to see all the cupidity, all the shiftiness there. There would be no beautiful regeneration such as comes to the most hardened sinner in books. There might be an effort at first, then a relapse. His father had been unscrupulous most of his life; he would go on being so to the end. It would be Jack's task to keep him in the straight path as much as he could, to bring him back when he got off. It was not a pleasant duty for a high-minded man; not a pleasant certainty for a son to have to admit of a father. But Jack never blinked duty. The old General had seen to that. He considered that he had run up against a thing that had to be done, and he was prepared to put all his might into the doing of it. Later he must think out the details, if he could continue in his service, where the two of them must go. Now there was but one step clear.

"We must leave Gibraltar at once," he said.

"We," almost whispered his father.

"You and I," said Jack, and his voice rang in its determination.

The man in the fez darted a quick look round the room. Every nerve in him seemed to wait as if listening for something which was almost certain to come next. An interval of absolute stillness followed. Then he smiled with a peculiar indrawing of his lips. He went to that iron-coated door, opened it. He put his head round and looked into the shop. Jack moved so that he would see over the square, white-covered shoulder. There was no one among the miscellaneous rubbish; the light, falling slantwise down the narrow ramp as the day was declining, came in from the street, a wedge of whiteness, sharply outlined by the jambs of the outer door. Then, as Jack watched, a shadow suddenly dimmed that whiteness. It might have been some form, withdrawn as quickly as it entered, or it might have been the rug suspended above the lintel which waved across on a puff of the breeze which does come up the street sometimes towards sunset.

The man with the fez waited another moment; then he turned and pushed Jack before him. "Go," he whispered.

"And you?" demanded Jack.

"You must leave me for the present."

"Why?" asked Jack.

The big man put up his hand and looked at the strong, eager face before him, and for the first time a resoluteness came into his own which altered all its character.

"You are staying at the Empress Hotel?" he asked.

Jack nodded.

"It will take me until to-morrow to make arrangements. I must get out of this secretly," he said, and he spoke in the gentle explanatory tone one uses to a child.

"Can you do it safely?" cried Jack, with a sudden alarm.

His father turned abruptly from him. "Why not?" he asked when he faced round.

"Can you do it safely?" persisted Jack.

"Yes," answered his father, and a sudden smile told what a very handsome man he must once have been.

"I think," jerked out Jack, "I had better stay with you and see you through."

The man in the fez shook his head. "You will help me the most," he said, softly, "by keeping still. Go to the hotel. Make some excuse not to stir out, wait there for me."

Jack thought a moment. The plan did not seem very satisfactory, and he said so. His father reassured him, told him that in this matter he knew the best, until Jack had to consent. They went out, one after the other, into the shop, and still it was empty.

The big man put out his hand again. "You are like your mother," he cried, with a gasp in his voice. "You were always like her. She was a good woman."

"She was," answered Jack.

"She—" began the man in the Eastern garments, suddenly, urgently. He stopped. It flashed on Jack what his father meant.

"I did not know then," he blurted out. "The General told me later. Yes, she remembered you at the end."

"At the end," echoed the man in the fez.

He went to the door, looked down the street. Suddenly he drew back his head. "Try to forgive me," he implored.

"We will begin again," answered Jack, cheerfully.

He went out into the narrow paved street. He walked on a few steps, almost dazed. Then his habit of close observation began to work involuntarily. He looked back at the shop, at the rug hanging above the door. "It could not have been blown back so far," he muttered, and as he said that a man, apparently one of the sailors from a trading boat in the harbour, passed him. The man was bronzed, he had rings in his ears, he might be Spanish or Portuguese, but assuredly he had a dash of Moorish blood in him, and he was smoking a pipe of coarse tobacco. Jack knew its odour. "Levantine plug," he said to himself. He went on, but twice he looked back over his shoulder, and each time the sailor was further up the ramp.

Jack went back to his hotel, straight to his room. A P. and O. boat was just in, the dining-room was crowded with her passengers. He did not want to risk meeting an acquaintance. It was the first time he had ever shrunk from seeing a friend, and the knowledge made him stiffen his upper lip. The next morning he said he had fever and kept in bed. All the rest of that day he waited; all the next. The third morning he was up betimes; he went to the authorities. He told them something, not everything; but what he said was enough. A search warrant was procured, the curiosity shop in the Ramp of George and Pitt overhauled. In it were found traces which proved it to be many things besides a pitfall for unwary tourists. But there was no trace of its owner, and the door into the inner room was locked. It took some time to break it open. A breath of foul air greeted them as they entered.

"Take care!" exclaimed Jack, "the trap-door must be down."

The search party moved cautiously, and by the trunk, with a stab in his back, they found the man in the red fez. He was quite dead. Seemingly he had made no resistance, a half-smoked cigarette was by him, and near to the body Jack found one other thing, a wedge of Levantine plug tobacco.

"Then," cried out Jack Vincent, "it was that sailor. Why was I such a fool as not to go back?"

Later, when he thought it all over, Jack came to the conclusion that the man in the red fez had done at least one noble thing in his life. He probably knew that in letting Jack go he was signing his own death warrant, and yet, when they found his body, the smile still lingered on his face. And the thought has been a consolation to Jack Vincent ever since.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE PREPARATION OF BEDS FOR ROSES.

EACH year, as the cultivation of Roses becomes better understood, more importance is being attached to the preparation of the soil in which they are to be planted. All good growers now realise that it is well-nigh impossible, except under natural conditions that are particularly favourable, to grow Roses of good quality unless the soil has been previously well and deeply tilled, drained and manured. Unfortunately, many would-be Rose-growers have little, if any, choice of site. They must, perforce, make the best of existing circumstances; and as November is the principal month of the year for planting, a few hints concerning the preparation of the beds may be useful.

For all practical purposes, soils may be roughly divided into two sections, viz., those in which clay predominates, and known in garden parlance as heavy soils, and those in which we find a preponderance of sand, chalk or flints, and known as light soils. In a few instances there may be gardens the soil of which cannot, even by a stretch of imagination, be classed in either of the above categories, but such are seldom met with. Generally speaking, heavy soil is the best for Roses, unctuous clay, which is difficult to till, but which improves greatly by working, suiting all the strong-growing kinds to perfection. Where this naturally abounds it is practically

certain that artificial drainage of some kind will be necessary before the successful cultivation of Roses can be undertaken. Undoubtedly the ideal plan under such circumstances is to lay pipe drains about two feet below the surface, and so drain the whole area. Where an outlet at a sufficiently low level is obtainable, this is not a very difficult task, and has the merit of being comparatively permanent. On the other hand, the soil, though wet, may not be sufficiently so to demand pipe drains, and here it is that deep tilling and judicious manuring are brought into play. The soil ought to be trenched to a depth of not less than two and a-half feet, keeping the bottom soil in its original stratum, but mixing with it a liberal supply of rather long, partially-decayed stable manure, or that from a farmyard in which horses only have been kept. This manure has a lightening effect on the subsoil, and may come to within nine inches or one foot of the surface. Not only will it provide food for the Roses, but it will very largely bring about that free drainage so much desired. With the top nine or twelve inches mix quarter-inch crushed bones, wood-ashes, a little old mortar, or scrapings from a country road not frequented by motors. This will render it more friable and in better condition for planting. Beds formed in such soil as this are best raised nine inches above the surrounding level. Heavy soils are best adapted for Roses budded on seedling Briar stocks, though other stocks do very well if thorough drainage is secured.

Unlike heavy soils, those which come under our second heading call for a large amount of ingenuity and skill if we would have Roses of the finest quality. Here, again, deep tilling must be adopted, not for the purpose of drainage, but, paradoxical as it may seem, to conserve moisture. In heavy soils it is water that descends from the surface that we wish to get rid of; in light soils it is the moisture that rises from the bowels of the earth, by capillary attraction, that we wish to conserve, deep cultivation in both instances effecting these ends. But it is not only the breaking up of the soil where it is poor and light that must be attended to,

Rich soil of a retentive nature must be added to the top spit and manure put with that below. Here stable or horse manure would be of little use; that from the pigsties or cowsheds must be used in abundance, and it ought to be as short and decayed as possible. It will afford a cool and nourishing rooting medium for our Roses in the hot and trying days of summer. Where flints or rocks abound, these must, as far as possible, be taken out and replaced with the best soil obtainable. Where the subsoil, a foot or rather more below the surface, is almost pure sand, nothing can be done except to remove it to a depth of two and a-half feet and replace it with good soil. This is, of course, a very costly process, and one that could not be carried out on a large scale; yet if Roses are to be grown, it would be found more economical, and far more satisfactory, than planting bushes in soil that is entirely unsuitable and in which they would be foredoomed to a lingering and unhappy existence. Beds in light soils are best sunk six or nine inches below the ordinary level. Deep cultivation, with manuring suitable for the kind of soil that is being dealt with, are the keynotes to the initial and most important stage of Rose-growing, and it is only by the due observance of these that Roses of even moderately good quality can be obtained.

Planting, no matter whether the soil is heavy or light, ought

not to be done until at least a fortnight after the beds have been trenched, so as to allow the soil time to settle down. In very stiff clay soil it is best to prepare the beds in autumn, leave the surface as rough as possible, and postpone the planting until the following March. The frost and winds of winter have a mellowing effect on the soil and render it in much better condition for planting.



Miss D. Sadler

A SIMPLE GROUPING OF SEDUM ALBUM.

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THE GARDEN IN AUTUMN.

TO many the garden in autumn possesses an indescribable but, none the less, real

charm. Misty mornings, giving place to days of brilliant sunshine, followed later by chilly evenings, leave their mark on flowers and trees alike. And what a wealth of beauty is to be found in our flowers of autumn-time, flowers that mark, as surely as any sundial, the passing of sunny days and the advent of cold and gloom. The Michaelmas Daisies, with their white and mauve blossoms, are already forming misty yet beautiful spots in the border, or, maybe, trailing a loose growth or two across an open woodland path. Chrysanthemums, too, the outdoor kinds, are welcome with their warm, soft colours, and form a distinct contrast to the Michaelmas Daisies. Late Phloxes and Rudbeckias, Heleniums and perennial Sunflowers, with a few odd Snapdragons, the last of the autumn Roses, and Dahlias partially blackened by frost, still linger on to remind us of days that are gone. But perhaps the most beautiful feature of autumn is to be found in the tinted foliage that prevails. The creeping Vine shoots, which we watched in spring as they slowly uncoiled their delicate red tips like a bevy of coy maidens, have now reached a ripe old age; and who shall say they are less beautiful now than they were in the first charm of their youth? Liquidambar and Maple, Azaleas and Elders have all taken unto themselves gorgeous tints of brown, crimson and gold, and the landscape is ablaze with scarlet haws and haws, berries of Viburnum and Euonymus, peeping at times like a glowing sunset through drifting, clinging, vapouring mists. With our hearts full of the remembrance of flowers and herbs that have passed, and the anticipation of the passing of winter and the awakening of life that is a sure sign of the coming of spring, the shortening days of autumn are some of the most pleasant that we can spend in our gardens.

A SIMPLE CLUSTER OF FLOWERS.

Although sundials are not now required for the utilitarian purpose of recording the passing of time, they are retained in many gardens to form a pleasant link with bygone days. Those of the type shown in the accompanying illustration form ideal centres around which low-lying flowers may cluster in quite an informal manner. The plant shown in the illustration is Sedum album, a rather

rare native of some parts of Great Britain. It is an ideal flower for growing between rockwork where soil is scarce, its rather dense clusters of pink-white flowers being produced in abundance during the summer months. It forms a rather dense carpet of thick, evergreen leaves, and consequently does not leave

the rocks bare when not in flower. In an old-world garden, with its Box edgings and straight paths, an irregular patch of low-growing flowers, such as this plant forms, is a welcome and pleasing relief, yet quite in harmony with the surroundings.
H.

THE BRETONNE TO HER SON.

YOU call me mother, baby of mine, but it is not to me that you belong. For a few years you will dwell in my house, help me with the pigs and fowls, and play on the quay with the other boys. You will go to school and learn French and come home in the evening tired, and glad to go to sleep in the great panelled bed in the wall. When your father is home from the fishing we shall all go to many fêtes and pardons, not forgetting that of St. Anne de la Palude, for she alone can prevail against the evil spirits that live at the bottom of the sea. Every year we will present you to her, so that when it is your time to go to sea she may look after you when I cannot be there. Each February we shall go down to the harbour with your father, and he will get into one of the big three-masted ships, all decorated with flags and garlands, and sail away to Iceland and leave us alone. And every August, when the broom bursts out into flower, he will come back—I hope.

Then there will come a year when he will want to take you with him and you will want to go. You will be just a little cabin-boy and they may not be kind to you. But you will not listen to me, and, after all, you must earn your living. It would not be so bad if you took up the sardine-fishing. The boats are not so grand and large as the Iceland schooners, but the sails are bright red and the nets are beautiful and blue. I should be able to stand on the shore and watch the movements of your little boat, and nearly every day I could meet you on the quay and walk home with you. You might rise to be a skipper and get a third of the takings, or even an owner, when you would not have to go aboard at all. But your father is an Iceland fisher, and you will follow your father.

Year by year you will return and will have strange stories to tell me about the bad spirits who chuckle and howl in stormy weather and who drag many a stout ship down to their palace beneath the waves. I shall have little to talk about, but I shall knit you lovely warm vests and embroider you the finest Sunday waistcoats in the village. You will want gayer company than mine, but you must promise to take me every year to St. Anne's fête, just as I took you when you were little. We must have money to buy candles, and copper coins to give to the beggars. Many times, I hope, you will walk in the procession itself, in the poor ragged clothes you were wearing when St. Anne took pity on you and quelled the tempest. You will look very handsome and will sing very lustily, and I shall walk beside you very glad and proud, thinking what it must feel like to walk in that other part of the procession, the widow of a man who did not

come back. Perhaps by that time I shall know. One day you will whisper to me that you are grown up, and that you have met a beautiful girl and that no one was ever so much in love before. All the time you are away she and I will talk of you, and I will teach her to cook your favourite dishes and to sing your favourite songs. You will need me less than ever. You will take her to the fêtes and walk with her in the moonlight,



W. G. Meredith.

JACQUES ASHORE.

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and tell her the stories about the spirits. And she will want to knit your vests. All this time you will be getting richer and richer and quite an important person even on that great three-masted ship. I shall be growing feeble and grey, and to please me you will put your banns up very soon. In your blue coat and white breeches you will make a goodly bridegroom, and when I have dressed up your sweetheart in the gown that has served our family for generations back and have taught her how to hold herself and how to walk, I daresay she will not be amiss. You will get her a nice little cottage, with an earthen floor, a big

fireplace and shining pots and pans, and I shall give her some fowls and pigs to keep her busy when you are away. When you are at home you will work hard on your little piece of farmland, and in the evening you will play the bagpipe and tell stories in front of the fire. Every time you come home you will have lost a comrade or a friend, until at last the graveyard is the spot where you meet most acquaintances. You will try to forget the sights and sounds of Iceland at merry-makings and, perhaps, at the public-house; but all the time you will remember that it is an ill thing to trick the sea and that St. Anne does not always attend to even a wife's prayers.

There will come a day when she will be saying to her child what I am saying to you. This land of Brittany is a hard place for mothers. The sons we bear are not ours. They belong to

of number two man) vastly outnumber the other categories. For one man who breeds or shoots a pheasant there are twenty who eat him, and the different ways of eating him ought, therefore, to be at least twenty times as interesting as the different ways of breeding or shooting him.

In the ordinary way we just roast the pheasant—an excellent roast, too—but it is an adaptable bird, much more so than the grouse or the partridge, both of which demand to be roasted and nothing else. The pheasant is otherwise. As a *salmis* he is excellent, and *en civet* or *à la daube*, most toothsome and appetising. In Germany only three months of the year, June, July and August, are "close" months; during the remaining nine the bird is on the market and the menu. *Gefüllter Fasan*, or stuffed pheasant, is quite a popular

dish, and includes a farce of bread-crumbs and butter flavoured with mild pot-herbs. The pheasant is given an overcoat of thin bacon (which I think a mistake), and it is served with a rich egg sauce, almost resembling mayonnaise. As the Americans say, "If you like that sort of thing; it's just the sort of thing you like." The Austrians treat the pheasant with much respect, as is only right and proper. When merely roasted, a fine tuft of feathers is left erect on the head as well as a bunch of long tail feathers, and the *Köchin* is most careful to wrap sheets of buttered paper round his crest, so that the oven-heat will do it no harm by singeing. Either peach or apricot *compote* is served with the bird, which usually reposes on a bed of fresh watercress.

Pheasant omelette and timbales of pheasant are by no means to be despised. They are comparatively easy of concoction, and have a distinct and individual character of their own. For an omelette use four eggs, well beaten with a whisk, a pinch of salt, a touch of paprika and half a teaspoonful of finely-chopped parsley. Into the usual omelette pan put four ounces of butter, and when this sizzles pour in the eggs and stir it all up until it begins to set. When this occurs keep the pan in front of the fire, then add a half-pound—or less—of finely-minced pheasant mixed with a thick velouté sauce. Turn the omelette over this mixture and heat it up over the fire for a minute; then serve in a very hot dish.

Patrick Ford, the Irish Home Ruler, said at a recent banquet in New York: "These Ulster people with their talk of a revolution amuse me.

They are a lawless lot—as lawless as Annie Kelly. Annie Kelly was a parlour-maid. She surprised her mistress one morning with the gift of a fine pheasant. The mistress, to find out if Annie had come by the bird honestly, said, 'And where did you get this present, eh?' 'Shure, ma'am,' said Annie, 'me father's poacher to Lord Clare.'"

Pheasants were introduced into this country long before the time of Henry VII. or Chaucer. In the Life of Thomas à Becket, by Canon Morris, it is mentioned that on the day of his martyrdom he dined at three o'clock, and that his dinner consisted of a pheasant. One of his monks said to him, "Thank God, I see you dine more heartily and cheerfully than usual." His answer was, "A man must be cheerful who is going to his Master." That day was December 29th, 1170.



W. G. Meredith

A PARDON PROCESSION.

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the sea and she does not treat them kindly. Baby of mine, do not grow up too fast!

R. M. MORRISON.

SOME PHEASANT LORE.

THE four persons mainly interested in the pheasant are the man who breeds the bird, the man who shoots the bird, the man who cooks the bird and the man who eats the bird. I am the man who eats the bird; and I venture to think that the other three are mostly engaged in providing for my gastronomic pleasure. Indeed, if it were not for the likes of me these other three men would find their occupation gone; for we eaters (who sometimes double the role

Mr. Yarrell, quoting Echard's History, says, "The price of pheasants A.D. 1299 being the 27th of King Edward I. was fourpence"; and in "A Collection of Ordinances and Regulations for the Government of the Royal Household made in divers Reigns from King Edward III. to King William and Mary," the first mention of pheasant in the King's *menu* is in the seventeenth year of Henry VIII., 1526, where the pheasant is coupled in the second course with the herne (? heron), bitterne and shoveldard. The second mention is on April 3rd, in the thirty-third year of the

with the sole stipulation that the birds should be properly housed, fed and permitted to increase. At the same time, a game law was made protecting them from sportsmen. The result has been that the number of pheasants now in Illinois is estimated to be over three hundred thousand, and they are breeding rapidly. The law protecting them has been raised from November 1st to January 1st—a wise and just precaution.

The French have an ingenious way of adding to the attractions of a cooked pheasant. When the bird is three-parts done, a gill



W. G. Meredith.

THE BRETONNE: MEEKLY AND DULY.

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reign of Henry VIII., where the charge for one "fesant" is eightpence. "From its so seldom appearing at the King's table," adds Yarrell, "I should presume that it was either scarce, or was not regarded as of sufficient delicacy."

They are getting on with the pheasant cult in America. About four years ago the Game Commissioner of Illinois imported and distributed about twenty thousand pheasants (many from eggs coming from Liphook), giving a pair to certain selected farmers

or more of sour cream is often added, and the bird basted continually until it is ready. Walnuts, grapes and orange juice are also used in French kitchens to introduce a variety of flavourings, while in other cases the bird, if somewhat old, is considered to be immensely improved by stewing it in green tea, orange juice and elderberry wine and serving it with a thickened sauce to which the finely-minced liver of the pheasant has been added. This mixture is not nearly as bad as it sounds.

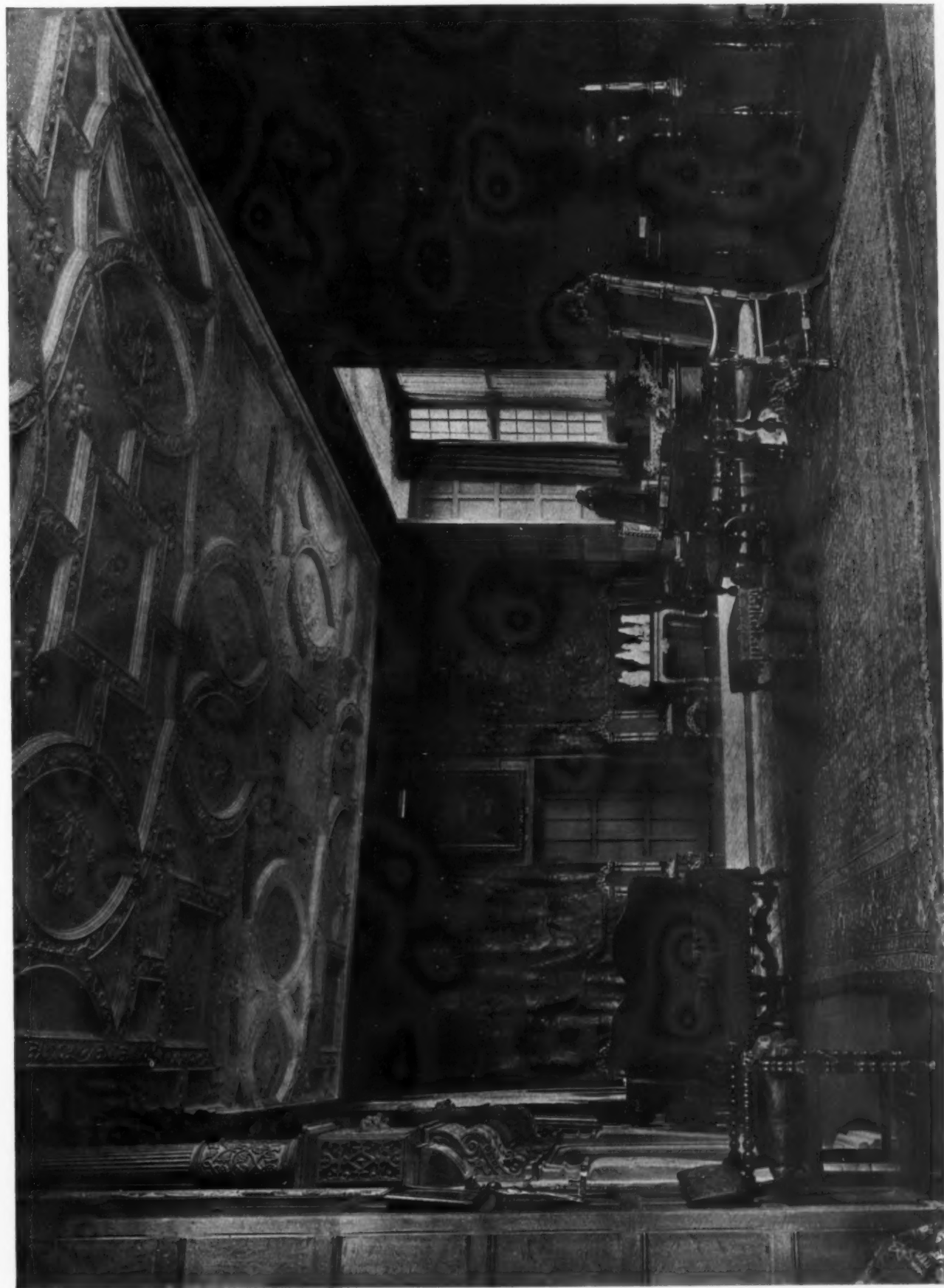
FRANK SCHLOSSER.



"HONEST" GEORGE ASHBY, planter, Sheriff and M.P., died in 1728. It is probable that even in his time the family fortunes decayed, for though in his early days he evidently did much at Quenby, the house appears to have been in a state of great decay when his son sold it in 1759 and retired to Naseby, which had come into the family through his Shukbrugh grandmother. Her younger son had been christened with her family name, and it was her great-grandson, the third Shukbrugh Ashby, who was the purchaser of Quenby. Both he and his father married heiresses, which may account for his having large means. He was a man of considerable literary and scientific attainments and a Fellow of the Royal Society. He carried on the family traditions by becoming Sheriff of his county and representing his county town in Parliament. No wonder such a gentleman's epitaph called forth a full measure of eighteenth century laudation, and we hear much of the "benignant care" with which he rebuilt the Hungarton cottages and improved the estate. It was in his time that nine hundred acres of the open fields of the parish were enclosed, and here it was that Arthur Young came in 1770 to obtain information on the agricultural condition and methods of Leicestershire. On the whole, he gives landlord and farmer a good name, although he considers them very slack in the destruction of moles and thistles. But the chief evil, to his mind, was the village teetotalism, for he tells us that "Fifteen years ago the rates of this parish were £9 a year; now they are £140 to £150 and this vast rise they attribute much to the excess

of tea drinking; the lowest of the poor drink it twice a day while their children have not bread to eat." Ideas change. The moralist of to-day would use the same words, but would substitute beer for tea. Arthur Young was, no doubt, the guest of Mr. Ashby at Quenby, and so not only speaks of its agriculture in his text, but in a note tells us something of his host and of the house. "Mr. Ashby, when he came to the estate, found the house a mere shell, much out of repair, and the offices in ruin. He has in a few years brought the whole into complete order; fitted up all the rooms in a style of great propriety: his furniture rich, and some of it magnificent—and his collection of prints an excellent one. His library superbly filled with the best and most expensive books in several languages; the bindings remarkably elegant. Around the house is a new terrass which commands a great variety of prospect." It was, no doubt, to carry out his plan for the new terrace that Mr. Ashby removed the wrought-iron gates and gave them to Leicester town. His terrace formed a dull parapetless platform round three sides of the house. It took a semi-circular sweep on the west side, a mean gate flanked by low piers, on which rested couchant lions in lead, forming an entrance, all of which appears in a plate in Nicholls' "History of Leicestershire," contributed by Mr. Ashby's daughter, Mrs. Latham, about the time of that gentleman's death in 1792. Young's description of Quenby as "a mere shell" must, of course, be an exaggeration, for several rooms, such as the withdrawing-room illustrated last week and the "angel" bedchamber now depicted, show that much rich





"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE GREAT PARLOUR LOOKING SOUTH.

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original decoration remained in the house. But probably the lead roof had been allowed to get into bad order and the rain had poured through, destroying much within. The roof, from which a magnificent view of the finely-undulated and richly-timbered country round is obtained, is reached through a little staircase occupying the top of the porch projection. This top is of different and more modern brick to the rest of the house, and was, no doubt, reconstituted by Shukbrugh Ashby, the curious arrangement of bell and vane combined with a huge presentment of the Ashby crest being clearly an eighteenth century attempt at entering into the Jacobean spirit. The doorway from the stairs opens at the top of this turret straight on to the leads, and the first thing we see thereon is a leaden panel with the family arms, the initials S.A. and the date 1767. On the back wall of the turret the same date is on the rain-water-heads in conjunction with the Ashby crest. These heads also show a tendency to assimilate to a



UPPER BEDCHAMBER WITH ORIGINAL GRISAILLE DECORATION.

past time, for they are ornamented with applied foliage in lead, which was certainly not the fashion in George III's time. It seems from these indications that Shukbrugh Ashby either wholly renewed or largely repaired the leadwork of the roof. Had its condition been such as to admit of wet rotting the woodwork below, especially that of the floors? This would, in some measure, explain Shukbrugh Ashby's curious act of de-

stroying the great parlour and making the hall two storeys high. He also threw both the west and east porches into the hall, together with the great bays above, making them look like recesses to hold lifts and destroying the whole meaning and amenity of the bays. He thus made one ugly and uncomfortable room in place of two that were well proportioned and enjoyable. He warped the whole original scheme of the house and added to the awkwardness of the service, as there was no longer any connection on the first floor between the two ends of the house. Well might the



THE GREAT PARLOUR, LOOKING NORTH.

late Mr. Bodley, when he went down to advise Mrs. Greaves, exclaim, on entering the house, "the vandals have destroyed the great chamber!" His practised eye and long experience of Jacobean house planning saw this at a glance, yet many who thought themselves qualified to give an opinion shook their heads gravely at Mrs. Greaves' proposal to recur to the old arrangement, as if she were introducing something quite new. But so soon as the work was begun, the correctness of Mr. Bodley's

decorative elaboration than any other room. The mantel-piece, therefore, was as out of place in the hall as it is congruous now that it is restored to its original place. It is a remarkably rich and bold example, exhibiting to the full both the merits and defects of the Jacobean period. It is most racily conceived and executed—the work of a confident and expert craftsman carrying out his own ideas. But the lover of classic correctness will find many a fault. The flat and thin lower pilasters seem inefficient



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THE GREAT PARLOUR MANTELPIECE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

view was at once established. The ends of the floor-beams that supported the great parlour floor were found still in the walls at the right height. Not only was the fireplace found intact (it should be noted that even the interesting and unusual recesses for the fire-dogs, made because of the shallowness of the hearth, are original), but there were clear indications that the great mantel-piece in the hall below had belonged here. The hall would certainly, of old, have been simple and restrained in its get-up, while the great parlour would have exhibited greater

to carry the heavy load of the outstanding twin columns above, and these are so close together as to make the niches behind them quite purposeless. Such faults are characteristic of English work before design and execution were specialised—before the learned architect took charge of the drawing and limited the craftsman's education to perfecting his technique for its execution. The frieze is particularly rich and diversified, while the mantling round the shield is audacious in its proportion and projection. The shield includes the arms of Ashby of



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THE SOUTH-WEST BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Quenby, Ashby of Lowesby and Gedney of Enderby—that is, of George the builder's mother and grandmother as well as his own. Starting with this original feature, Mrs. Greaves has worked up to it. Lord and Lady Sackville placed the ceiling

of the ballroom at Knole at her disposal for reproduction. The panelling is similar to that in the dining-room below, and all came out of the Quenby attics. It forms a beautiful and subdued background for the interesting pictures and

tapestries that hang on it. Of the latter, there are four pieces, evidently of a set, of fine colour and design and with admirable early seventeenth century borders. Horsemen are hunting lions, tigers and other animals in forests. There is a set somewhat like it in one of the Doddington bedrooms attributed to the Mortlake looms, but that now at Quenby is no doubt of foreign origin. Curiously enough, three of the pieces Mrs. Greaves purchased at Pau, having in the previous year acquired in England the great sixteen feet wide piece hanging at the north end of the room. With it she bought the marqueterie cabinet on a gilt stand that occupies a central position in front of it. It is of walnut inlaid with pale wood, or with ivory, white and green, on an ebony background. It is probably seventeenth century Italian, but the stand, with creatures of the Sphinx type turning their backs on a great urn, is better in design than the late Italians generally produced, and has the full flavour of



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BEDROOM IN THE WILLIAM III. MANNER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

William Kent. The whole of the rest of the furnishing of the great parlour is thoroughly apt, most of it being original and in excellent condition—English and Italian pieces being used together, with excellent effect. With full regard to the old spirit, the floor has been made of oak planks of varying widths, but all broad and massive. Care has also been taken that modern convenience should be introduced without detraction. The room is heated by pipes under the window seats of the bay windows, these seats having panelled fronts like the wainscoting, but the lower part being cut out in a curve to let the heat through. The room has three bays, of which the great ones over the porches give immense character to the room. That over the entrance door is all window, there being ten lights. It is a delightful vantage-ground from which to enjoy the grand western view.

The Quenby staircases are placed in the centres of the two wings, and it is curious to see the jump of the string-courses on the north and south elevations occasioned by the break caused by the position of the staircase windows. Both staircases are original and of oak, so that Quenby was more fortunate than Doddington, where the great staircase was renewed in Palladian times. The great stair at Quenby occupies a space twenty-one feet square and rises up to the top floor. To carry the upper flights, the lower newel-posts are continued up as round columns, a scheme equally good from the point of view of appearance and construction, but seldom resorted to in Jacobean times. In the centre of the landing is the doorway into the great parlour, and at the sides are the arched ways into the pair-room suites that occupy the space above the long sitting-rooms below. Of the bedrooms, four are illustrated. The one to the south-west has its walls and ceiling unadorned except for a bold plaster frieze that reproduces all that feeling of handwork that characterises the original. On the walls are hangings of the rare "lightning" tapestry now much copied by ladies with the needle, but which originally was woven in Italy. It appears to have been in vogue in the time of William III., as shown by its forming the covering of one of the suites of furniture of that period at Boughton in Northamptonshire. The bed is an elaborate specimen of the Elizabethan period, the back being the most interesting portion. The arched panels are inlaid, but the frieze above them has a delicate pattern in gesso treated so as to resemble a lighter wood. The hangings and bedspread are of linen embroidered in the massive manner of the seventeenth century. This chamber and several others—such as that over the dining-room got up in the William III. manner—owe their present appearance entirely to Mrs. Greaves' skill and taste in either collecting old fittings and furniture or having them reproduced adequately, and in bringing them together as a thoroughly harmonious whole. Two bedrooms, however, are illustrated where she found original decorative material *in situ*. The "angel" chamber is so called because the pilasters that divide the fine geometrical panelling into sections have winged angels roughly carved on one of their lower sections. It

is a rare and curious treatment for early seventeenth century domestic work, and was evidently thought sufficiently "papish" by Cromwellian puritans to be mutilated by the removal of the heads. The chamber is above a parlour that Shukbrugh Ashby evidently never reclaimed from the "shell" state in which he found the house, for the plan of his time calls it the "unfinished room." Under Mrs. Greaves' creative hand that attribute has become an anachronism. Above the angel bed-chamber is one that Mr. Ashby "fitted up in a stile of great propriety" by setting painted wainscoting in front of the original decorations. Mrs. Greaves has rightly brought them once more to light, for they are somewhat rare survivals of Jacobean fresco work. The ceiling takes the shape of the



Copyright.

THE ANGEL BEDCHAMBER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

very obtuse-angled lead roof above it, and has a fine moulded oak beam across it. The wall imitates in grisaille paint fluted Ionic columns supporting a frieze of foliated scrollwork, while over the plain arched fireplace of stone a great cartouche is represented in the same medium. The window is set in an arched recess in the thick wall, and in the triangle thus formed over the window there is Jacobean strapwork ornamentation, proving that this arrangement was original.

Mrs. Greaves has been as busy out of doors as in. The structure of the house fortunately needed no repair or renovation causing the slightest disturbance of its admirable weathered aspect. But the somewhat vacuous and irritating "terrass" mentioned by Arthur Young has been greatly modified. High brick walls, carrying out the diapering already noticed in the

house, enclose a forecourt approached through wrought-iron gates flanked by stone piers in the full Jacobean spirit. To the south a garden has been planned that will give a fine setting to the house, and by its yew hedges and cut trees will add enclosure and mystery to a garden which previously altogether lacked variety. Lines and groups of noble trees, including twenty-two cedars, give full shelter towards the north and west, but to the south the ground falls very rapidly, and the Ashby parapetless terrace gave a sense of bareness which needed correction. Already two yew-hedged squares afford reclusion, while a view may be obtained from the broad

a fine cedar within them. Grass alleys bordered by herbaceous plants, or spanned by rambler roses over arches, are gradually adorning what were mere cabbage patches. Thus the Quenby gardens are on the way to being fully adequate to a house conceived in the full spirit of what was best in the past, as the interior of the house has already become, that is, a typical example of a fine English country home of one of the most characteristic periods of our native architecture. It is rare indeed to find one so grandly placed—high, yet sheltered through the care and foresight of "George the Planter" and his successors; dry through the light soil of the site, which

nevertheless is so fertile and well watered as to rejoice the gardener's heart. It is equally rare to find an exterior of this date that has preserved all its details untouched, while the interior combines abundant original features with a disposition and arrangements that satisfy our much-developed ideas of comfort. Mrs. Greaves is to be highly congratulated on her possession and warmly praised for the skill and taste she has displayed in perfecting it. T.

NATURAL HISTORY IN UGANDA.

THE Journal of the East Africa and Uganda Natural History Society, of which the third number of the second volume is just to hand, continues to furnish much interesting information with regard to the distribution and habits of the native wild animals, which is particularly valuable to naturalists in this country, who in such matters are, of course, absolutely dependent upon local observers.

Among eleven articles in this issue, particular interest attaches to one by Mr. F. A. Knowles, a well-known local sportsman, on the distribution of game animals in Uganda and the nature of the country in which the different species are to be found. It appears that Uganda may be divided into three distinct zones, respectively characterised by their soil and vegetation. First, there is an undulating country with rich soil, upon which grows a jungle of elephant grass, intersected with valleys of papyrus swamp and forest scrub; secondly, a tract of heavily-timbered forest; and, thirdly, open plains and rolling downs, with a poor, shallow soil covered with short grass

and stretches of forest scrub and acacia bush. Elephants and buffaloes resort to the elephant-grass tract, on which the herbage is so tall and dense that these huge animals are as completely buried as are their Indian cousins in the grass jungles of Assam. So long as these jungles remain intact, there is little fear of the elephant and the buffalo being exterminated in Uganda.

In connection with elephants, the author mentions that Uganda is sometimes visited by a local race from the Semliki plains and the country to the west of the Albert Nyanza, which is locally known as the forest elephant, and characterised by its remarkably long



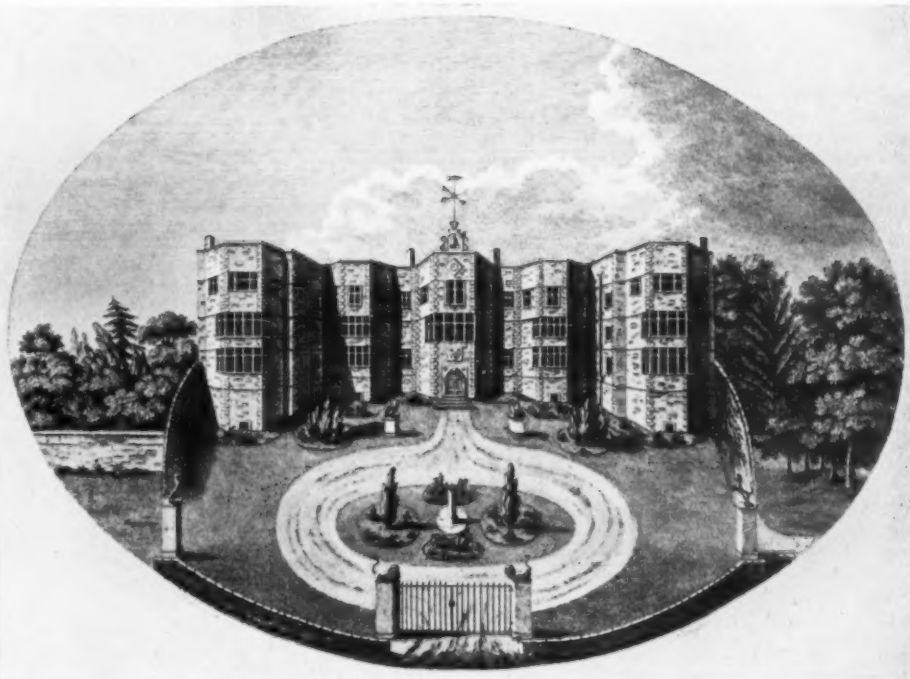
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THE GREAT STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

grass and gravel ways that surround them. Lions and leopards in lead, no doubt originally introduced by "George the Planter," are effectively placed here, while beyond the terrace wall a larger formal lay-out has been designed by Mr. H. A. Peto, but has not yet been begun. The only part of his scheme for the Quenby lay-out that has been as yet realised is a delightful little sunk flower garden that uses one side of the stone building, believed to have been the older Ashby house, as its western boundary. A little way off to the north is an ample walled kitchen garden, no doubt made by Shukbrugh Ashby. Tall trees rise above its walls, and there is

and slender tusks, which are quite different from the massive ones of the elephants of the Unyoro district of Uganda. To this forest elephant I have given the name of *Elephas africanus albertensis*, on the evidence of a skull in the British Museum from the district to the south-west of the Albert Nyanza (see page 8 of my "Game Animals of Africa"). Mr. Knowles' statement affords additional evidence of the distinctness of this forest elephant; and it is satisfactory to find that his statement is supported by a pair of tusks from the Semliki, recently shown to me in Mr. Rowland Ward's establishment, which were of the aforesaid long and slender type, and thus very different from an adjacent pair from the Congo or Uganda, which were of the massive type. This being so, it becomes clear that the Unyoro elephant, which in the aforesaid work I have provisionally identified with the Semliki



QUENBY HALL IN SHUKBRUGH ASHBY'S TIME.

race, is quite distinct.

While on this subject, it may be mentioned that a reviewer in a contemporary has recently endeavoured to discredit the attempt to divide elephants into local races on the evidence of the shape of their ears, remarking that these organs vary individually as much as in the human species. As a matter of fact, the more we learn about the local forms of African elephants, the more apparent become their differences from another type.

Lastly, reference may be

made to an announcement by Mr. W. McGregor Ross that ripple-mark has been observed on the rocks high up on the flanks of Mount Kenia. Strange to say, the author appears to be under the impression that these markings were made at a time when the rocks were at their present elevation, although they were, of course, formed by the waves on some old seashore long before the upheaval of Kenia and Elgon.

R. L.

FURNITURE OF THE XVII & XVIII CENTURIES.

FURNITURE AT KIMBOLTON.—IV.

ALTHOUGH it is the large quantity of late seventeenth century furniture that specially strikes the eye at Kimbolton, yet the eighteenth century, in its various phases, is also well represented. Lacquer was very greatly in vogue in its earlier years, and the fourth Earl of Manchester acquired several pieces. Of these, two are illustrated. The one is a cabinet in the red drawing-room standing on a very delightful bow-legged stand of table form and height, of which the ground is painted black, but the slightly raised ornamentation is gilt. This part-gilding was fashionable enough under Anne and her successor, and walnut and mahogany were thus treated as well as painted pine, as in the present instance. The cabinet itself is European, and probably English, work, with very fine metal mounts. The lacquer is a little coarse. The doors on the outside are of black with gold ornament, the latter, chiefly representing cocks and hens, in unusually high relief. On the inside, the drawers are decorated

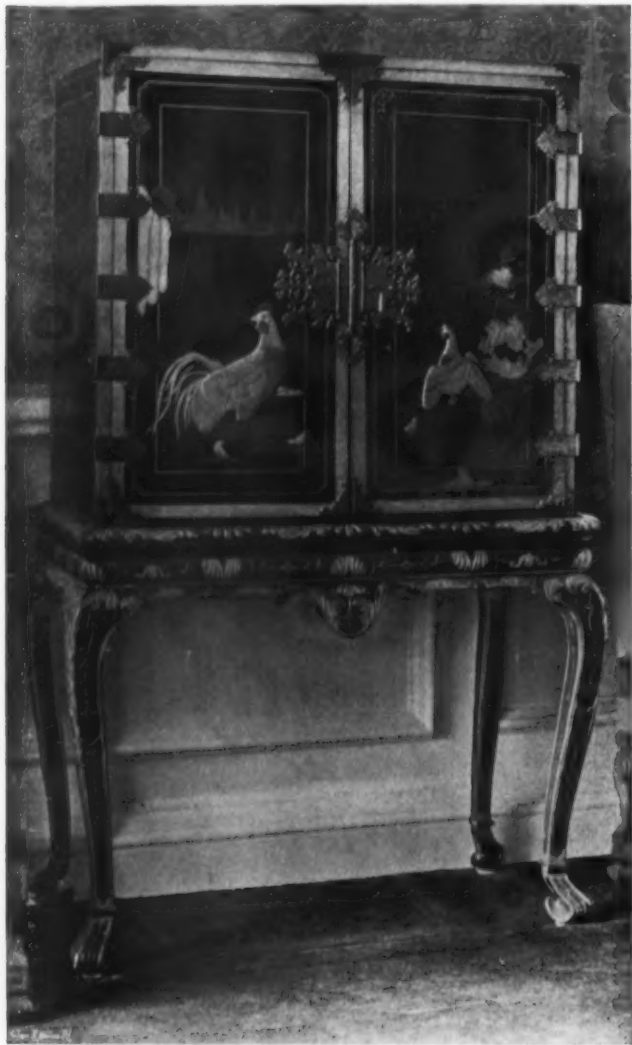
with landscapes. Landscapes also form the subject of the lacquer of a clothes chest in the dining-room. Again we have gold on black, but in this case the decoration is quite flat.

This also is European, and probably English, work, and we find a good many cognate examples of such chests on stands in country houses. There is one at Badminton on a bow-legged stand, and others with straight-legged stands at Knole and at Blenheim. The assistance that Lord Manchester gave to the Duchess of Marlborough in her furnishings and upholstery may account for the fact that the Blenheim and Kimbolton clothes chests are absolutely fac-similes as far as the lacquer is concerned. A great architectural landscape is depicted—hills and lakes, houses and gardens, rocks and boats—all carefully copied from Oriental patterns, and arranged in a somewhat haphazard and disconnected manner, in order, as it was no doubt thought, to catch the Oriental spirit. As well as the landscape, the border—



LACQUER CHEST ON A GILT STAND.

composed of what then passed in England for Chinese frets and devices—is exactly similar in the two chests, but the stands are different. That at Blenheim is very plain and painted black, with a few sprigs of gilding. That at Kimbolton is more in the manner of the great console tables of the age of William Kent. The back legs are of C scroll form, while the front supports are griffins standing on rock, rather like those of the Belton lacquer chest illustrated in August.



LACQUER CABINET ON BLACK AND GOLD STAND.

The rail of the Kimbolton specimen is of the wave pattern beloved by Kent, and in the centre is one of the great shells which he also affected. The whole is treated in black and gold. The date is likely to be about 1720, after the fourth Earl had become the first Duke and before his death in 1722. The other pieces of furniture illustrated belong rather to the time of his grandson, the fourth Duke—the man of large views but limited purse. It must be admitted that what furniture he did add was certainly good of its kind. The dressing-table is

of a form similar to several in Chippendale's book, but has an unusual and pleasing arrangement of a looking-glass, somewhat in the rococo manner, hanging from tall narrow side cupboards with doors forming two sides of a hexagon, and having open panels decorated with one of his frets. The lower portion is of good form, but plain, except at the corners and legs, the latter being of cabriole shape with a good deal of carving on the knee in the manner of what Chippendale called his "French style." The date will be soon after the eighteenth century passed its middle year, and is the same as a chair with seat and back covered with original cross-stitch needlework. The legs are straight, with ornamented brackets and a beaded member which runs up into curved arm supports. This is one of the forms that Chippendale made with either straight or curved leg, illustrating them in his "Director" with one of each.

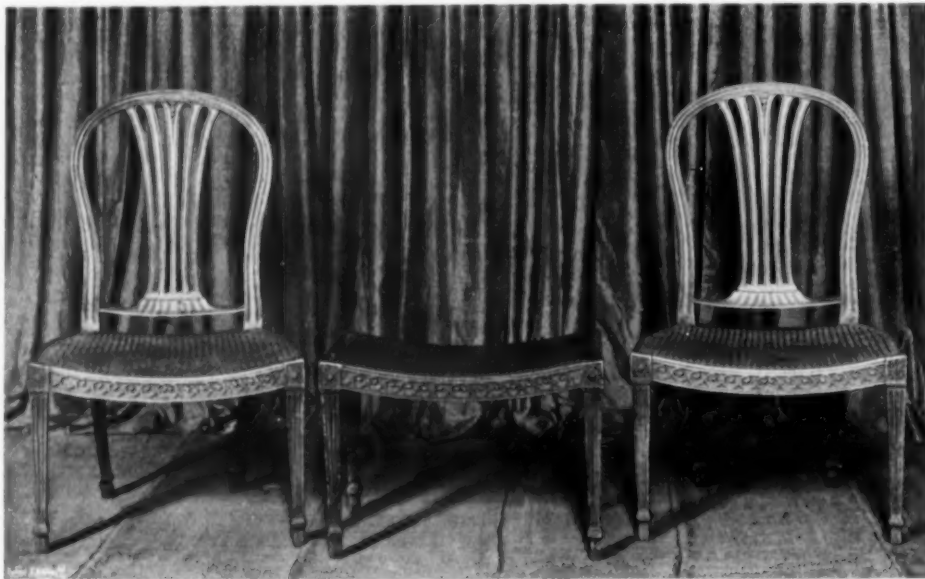


MAHOGANY WITH CROSS-STITCH COVER.

A later set of chairs and stools is likewise represented. They date from the time when the Louis XVI. manner was translated into its English equivalent by Heppelwhite and Sheraton. They are of white wood, painted, and of particularly pleasing design. The ornament is delicate and sufficient, and the general form most elegant, the curve of the seats graceful and, at the same time, most practical, as far as the comfort of the sitter is concerned. These seats are of canework, a material then only somewhat rarely used for the purpose.

Of about the same period is the most ambitious of the later pieces of furniture at Kimbolton—a cabinet in the green drawing-room, somewhat over six feet wide and of the same height, if we include the six-legged stand. It belongs to the time when the fourth Duke obtained many designs from Robert Adam for alterations and additions at Kimbolton, part of which only were carried out. The wooden surfaces are mainly of satinwood inlaid with darker wood with designs

in the manner of Pergolesi. But the bases and capitals of the legs and of the upper pilasters and the bandings and cornices are of gilt metal, very beautifully wrought, and recalling the mountings of Adam's famous sideboard at Harewood. The pilasters have strips of marble framed in metal, and the panels of the drawers and cupboard are of the same material cleverly put together so as to form, with the help of a little painting,



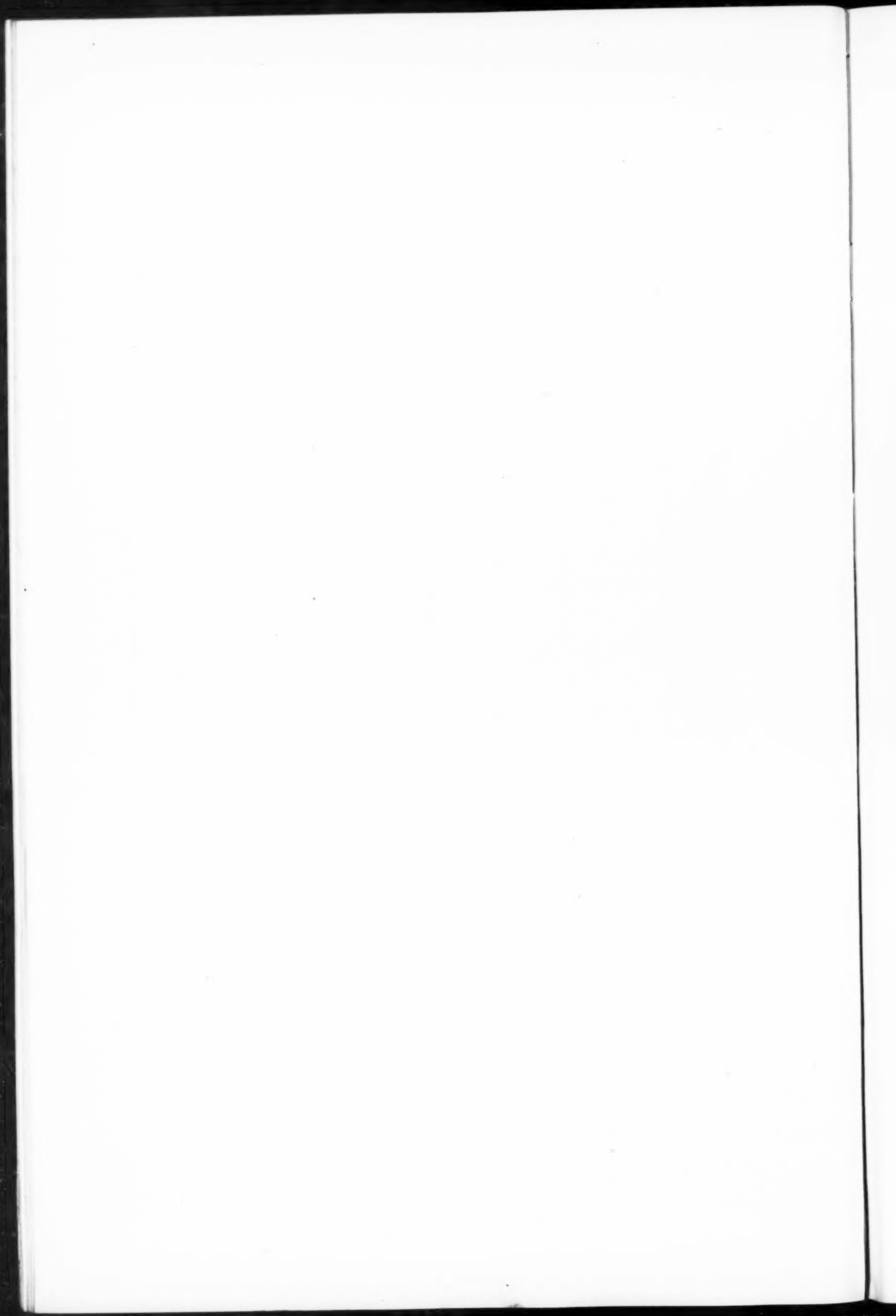
PAINTED CHAIRS AND STOOL IN THE SHERATON MANNER.



A CABINET IN THE ADAM STYLE
OF SATINWOOD, INLAID WITH ORMOLU MOUNTS
AND PANELS OF ITALIAN LANDSCAPES

ENGLISH FURNITURE
Of the 17th and 18th Centuries

The Property of
THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER



complete land and sea scapes in a manner favoured by Italians in the eighteenth century, and often brought by English travellers to the country. It is, however, somewhat unusual to find them used on an English-made cabinet in connection with the inlay work of this period, so that there is much rarity as well as exceptionally fine workmanship about the Kimbolton example. At the same time, the introduction of panels of different material and decorative scope was occasionally resorted to. It is not very infrequent to find panels composed of plaques of Wedgwood's jasper ware introduced into cabinets and commodes, while a cabinet in some way akin to that at Kimbolton, but decorated with inlaid wood panels representing English houses and ruins, was recently the subject of a coloured plate in *COUNTRY LIFE*. A plan of the principal floor of Kimbolton accompanies this article, and will serve as a useful reference to readers of



DRESSING-TABLE IN CHIPPENDALE STYLE.

this and of the previous descriptions of the Castle and its contents.

THE BREEDING AGES OF BIRDS.

A FEW weeks ago I was asked by the Editor whether I could give any information with regard to the ages at which different species of birds breed in the wild state, the enquiry being due to a correspondent who suggested that domesticated fowls are allowed to breed too early. The natural supposition was that full information on such an interesting subject would be found in their scientific work on British birds that happened to come to hand. To my surprise, however, I found, after consulting all the works on general ornithology and British birds in my library—and their number is considerable—that not a scrap of information in regard to the question is obtainable.

From this lack of any definite statements on the point, it seems legitimate to infer that the writers assume, at any rate in most cases, that birds breed as a matter of course in their second season, and that accordingly there is nothing to be said on the subject. On the other hand, there are statements to the effect that in certain species the adult, or breeding, plumage is not acquired till the third or even the fourth summer; and since the occasional breeding of the crossbill in the immature plumage is recorded as a noteworthy feature, it would seem to be assumed that as a general rule nesting does not take place until the full adult livery has been donned. As a matter of fact, observers who have watched gulls in their nesting haunts are

well aware that these birds do not breed—unless possibly in very exceptional instances—till they have exchanged the dark spotted plumage of immaturity for the grey and white, or black, grey, and white dress of maturity; and since this adult livery is not acquired,

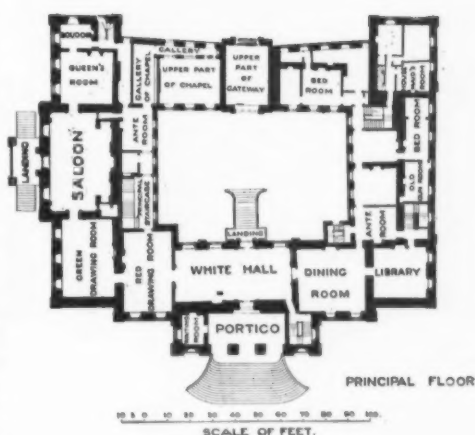
at all events in most species, before the third season, it follows that breeding is deferred till that period of life. In the herring-gull, however, it would seem that breeding does not take place till a year later, as the adult plumage is not assumed until the fourth season. As gannets do not acquire their adult buff dress till the third year, and as there appears to be no record of a bird nesting in the immature dark dress, it may be inferred that in this species breeding is likewise postponed till the third season. Nevertheless, as in the case of gulls, not a word is to be found on the subject in any of the bird-books I have consulted.

Species like the majority of the larger falcons, which attain their full plumage when from nine to fifteen months of age, probably breed for the first time in their third year. Dr. Seth Smith, who is in charge of the birds at the Zoological Gardens, informs me that in all probability many of the parrots do not breed till they are three or four years old, that is to say, till their fourth or fifth season. Now parrots, like many of the eagle group, are notoriously long-lived birds; and the presumption accordingly is that most of the species which enjoy a prolonged existence are late breeders. If this be so, the larger owls doubtless come under the latter category. Geese, however, according to the same informant, are an exception to this generalisation, as, in common with sheldrakes and some of the pheasants, they breed in their second season. Possibly, as regards geese, this applies only to domesticated breeds.

Pigeons and the majority of game-birds attain their full plumage in the first summer; and the presumption accordingly is that they breed in their second season. That this is the case with partridges is rendered evident by the fact that in their second season all the birds, with possibly a few accidental exceptions, are paired; and I am informed by Dr. Seth Smith that the same holds good for pigeons and many pheasants. Now domesticated fowls are members of the game-bird group, and it is accordingly quite legitimate that they should breed in their second season. Forward pullets will, however, often lay in their first autumn; and this may seem an altogether abnormal and precocious development due to domesticity, as, indeed, it probably is in this particular species; but I am informed, although I cannot find any published statement to that effect, that quails, and likewise the so-called hemipodes, or bush-quails, will occasionally breed in their first summer. And if this be so, a similar habit in domesticated fowls is not specially abnormal. Nevertheless, although pullets cannot, of course, be prevented from laying in their first autumn, it is probably not advisable to breed from such eggs. There is, however, nothing to indicate that any advantage would be gained by not breeding from birds of the second year; on the contrary, such birds are doubtless in the full vigour of early maturity, and thus best fitted for the propagation of their species.

On account of being short-lived and likewise from the circumstance that, at any rate in most cases, they acquire their full plumage after the first autumnal moult, the presumption is that all the ordinary perching birds breed in their second season; a supposition which accords with an opinion expressed to me by Dr. Seth Smith. In certain exceptional cases, as among the waxbill finches, breeding may, however, I believe, occur in the first summer—at all events, in a state of captivity.

In conclusion, it may be mentioned that this article is practically a confession of ignorance; and in place of attempting to impart information, I myself am seeking for light, most of the statements made above being suggestions rather than facts. The subject is, however, one of great interest; and the Editor will welcome well-authenticated records of the ages at which particular species of birds have been known to breed. R. L.



PLAN OF KIMBOLTON.
(Principal floor.)

A LITTLE DAY IN OCTOBER.

Of course, the big days are the ones you talk about and bore your friends with at the club, till they wish that you and a pheasant had never set eyes on each other; but it is always rather doubtful whether they are the most enjoyable in the actual living and doing. The vision is gloriously thronged, in the retrospect, of birds coming fast and furious on that big day, and three or four at a time together in the air, all hurtling down out of the blue, crumpled up by your charge placed in the most scientific manner to break their necks. That is a triumph of gunnery; but the other is, perhaps, almost more sport and more fun.

You will not attack or disturb your more central and important coverts for a little business of this kind. They will be left severely alone, and your attentions will be devoted to the outsides, an outlying plantation or two and the hedges that run up to them and connect them with each other. The pheasant is not, at this early season, before he has been seriously bombarded, quite so cunning a bird as you will find him in those still distant December or January days when you will be out after the surviving cocks. He will not take to his legs and run at the first sound of a gun or a human voice—the latter, be it noted, by far the more terrifying to him of the two; but there will be a remnant of old birds even now, from the shoots of last year, that will be well skilled in the gentle art of evasion, and will do their cunning best to take such covert that neither human nor canine beaters can hunt them out of it.

A great many birds in a season such as this will be out along the hedgerows after the acorns that have fallen from the oaks standing in the fences. There is much excitement of spaniels and of boys as a cock pheasant is hunted into a hedge—right along its top, if it have good growth upon it cut by runs that the rabbits have made—till at the corner of the field, where the two hedges make an angle and perhaps a "stop" has been left, there is a sudden explosion of pheasants, followed quickly by an explosion of guns, and one or two of the small total of your bag are accounted for. A good many folk who thought Nature had given them a special privilege to pry into her secrets told us a long while back that the leaf would come off the tree very early this year, so that we should be able to shoot our coverts in October if we would. Of course, October is, by the calendar, the pheasant-shooting month; but as all the world knows, November is the month of that bird's serious shooting. The covert is too thick for beaters to get birds into the air, or for the guns to shoot them among the trees when they are there. But we can get at them all right in the small outlying spinneys which we are attacking on a bye-day like this, because a very few beaters can "make good" these small coverts and because the bird is bound to face the open when he is driven out of them. But for the confounding of those wisecracks who made



A MASTER IN THE ART OF EVASION.

prophecy, the leaves are clinging on the tree rather unusually late, instead of coming off early, as they were fabled to be about to come. So we are grateful enough for the opportunity, even this year, that these places on the boundary afford us to get a few shots at the pheasants and a few pheasants for the pot.

The hunting of the hedgerows and the beating of the outside coverts we may vary, on a day such as this, by a small drive or two out of the roots. The prophets may have been mistaken about the foliage, but there is no mistake about the harvest and its early clearance off the fields, which allowed us to come to terms with our partridges just as soon as we cared to try to do



THE CORNER OF A FIELD.

so. There have been no false expectations there. And both pheasants and partridges, the former more especially, have fared very well and are numerous and very forward. In a small drive, such as those of which we may plan one or two on a day like this, we are likely to find pheasants and partridges coming over together out of the root-field. It is always rather an amusing medley, especially in the first of the pheasant-shooting, because the bigger bird looks so enormous in this company, and we once more make that estimate which we have formed and corrected again at least as many times as the years during which we have wielded a gun, of the relative speed of flight of the two. If we can by chance pick up something in the way of a snipe or a duck or a "various," it is all the more fun. We may happen on a woodcock even, but perhaps that is only possible in rare places, and, if we do so, it is almost certainly a home-bred or a home-breeding bird, and not of the same nationality as the majority of those that the first cold spell will bring over from the Continent. Rabbits, of course, we look to to bring up the total bag, possibly to make the bigger part of it, on our little day, and where there are hares we shall hope for a few of them coming to us in our drives out of the roots. From the sportsman's point of view, as distinct from that of the scientific gunner merely, there is a deal to be said for the pleasure of the day of small things.

FARM NOTES.

A TRIUMPH FOR PROFESSOR BIFFEN.

PROFESSOR BIFFEN deserves to be congratulated. Our readers are well aware that he has been successful in producing valuable breeds of wheat by means of the experiments which he has been conducting on Mendelian principles; but there is a great difference between private success and public recognition. The value of the experiments is brought home to the farmer in a remarkable manner by the quality of the crops produced this year. At the Dorset Grain Show, held at Dorchester, the championship for wheat was awarded to Mr. H. J. Standfield, Barford Farm, Wimborne, for a sack of Burgoyne's Red Fife. This came from a crop which yielded twelve sacks of forty-eight bushels an acre, weighing sixty-six and a-half pounds to the bushel. Judges and visitors agreed in considering it the best ever exhibited at the Dorset Show. Of course, it will be said that the weather during the past season was exactly of that kind which would most favour the production of a hard, strong wheat; but, all the same, it is a great distinction for this Red Fife to be placed above all others, and the incident probably points to a time when Red Fife, even if it does not altogether replace Square Head's Master, will be very extensively grown in this country.

THE PRICE OF EGGS.

Mr. Brown, well known in poultry circles, has been laying down a principle in regard to eggs that might also be applied to hay. He warns those who are intent on producing eggs not to charge too great a price for them. Undoubtedly, the expense of egg-producing, like the expense of everything else, has increased recently. But the price still leaves an enormous margin of profit, and, as Mr. Brown points out, the general policy ought to be to accustom the consumer to have nothing but new-laid eggs in the first place and, in the second place, to aim at lessening the

enormous importation from abroad. It is well understood that nobody can fairly be asked to work without a reasonable profit, and small holders can of all people least afford to work for nothing; but there is an important difference between a reasonable profit and an exorbitant one. As long as the profit is kept reasonable it may be taken for granted that the number of consumers will increase, and if, as is often the case, the small holder cannot take advantage of the enlarged demand because of the slenderness of his equipment, still he must look to future years when he can reinforce his stock and satisfy a growing public.

LAVENDER-GROWING.

There are many reasons which combine to make welcome the directions for lavender-growing given in the new number of the Journal of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. Lavender is considered to be a prophylactic against the bites and stings of troublesome insects, and many shooters in the early days of the season assert that they are rendered immune if they sprinkle the outer covering of their nether limbs with lavender water. We see that the writer of the article says the principal lavender plantations are to be found in the neighbourhood of Mitcham, Carshalton and Beddington in Surrey, and at Hitchin and Canterbury. To this it may be added that Sir Walter Gilbey grows it, with excellent results, at Elsenham, and distils from it an admirable perfume. Lavender is an open-air plant that does not like to be shadowed by high hedges or trees. It is propagated mostly by cuttings, and is usually harvested early in August. Mr. F. Ransom estimates that the average yield of oil is about twelve pounds per acre, if the part devoted to cuttings is taken into consideration. The prices fluctuate a good deal, but forty shillings per pound is quoted as that which is current, wholesale, at the moment. It has been as much as five pounds per pound.

THE SMALL OWNERS AT MAULDEN.

One of the soundest and most interesting schemes for encouraging small ownership which has yet been tried was inaugurated a year ago near Maulden, on the Duke of Bedford's estate. It aroused so much enthusiasm that five hundred applications are said to have been received from a great many different localities. Sufficient time has now elapsed to form some opinion of the probable success of the movement and the results obtained to date, information as to which was gained at first hand by the writer in a recent visit to the colony. Some of the houses and buildings have only very recently been erected, but work on the land began in the autumn of 1910, and flourishing-looking market gardens are to be seen on all sides. The land has, in fact, shown itself to possess the two great requirements for small holders—the quality of being easily worked and capacity for yielding good returns for labour expended. How far the good results are due to the magic of ownership it is early yet to say, but the care bestowed on the erection of cheap and suitable houses and buildings certainly augurs well for the movement, which is a well-considered and generous one, as the tenants gladly admit. It may be remembered that the scheme is one of land purchase by instalments, the half-yearly payments being spread over thirty-five years. The rate of interest is only three per cent., and up to five hundred pounds is lent on very easy terms on mortgage to holders of over ten acres. No margin is, in fact, required, and the tenant has more than ordinary security, besides being allowed



A LITTLE DRIVE.

thirty-five years in which to repay this amount of loan capital. Needless to say that advantage has been taken of this unique offer, and some excellent homesteads have been erected on the sites offered. These abut on a new road which has been constructed, and which is included in the purchase price. As remarked, the market gardening is the main industry followed, as the soil, which is superior to that in the neighbourhood, is well adapted for this purpose. It is a kind of loam with some gravel, a good combination for this kind of work, as the gravel assists materially in growing early produce, a very important factor in regard to prices. There is one holding of forty-three acres run as a dairy farm, with a herd of about a dozen cows, as well as pigs and a few calves and poultry, but beyond a horse or two and occasionally pigs there is little other livestock, as yet, on the other holdings. The grazing rights for one horse and cow for each owner of over ten acres form another feature of this well-thought-out scheme. Though the land wanted a good deal doing to it on entry in the way of cleaning, good progress has been made in cultivation, as the numerous well-rooted and flourishing crops of cauliflower, cabbage and other vegetables bear witness. Some of the land is down in fruit, and poultry is also kept. Not the least striking features of the colony are the homesteads, which have in many cases already been practically completed. These had in most cases to be erected, and useful eight-roomed houses, as well as convenient outbuildings, have been built at a cost of five hundred pounds, five hundred and thirty pounds and rather more. These comprise cowhouse, barn, stable, piggery, food stores and useful yard, shed and other accommodation, and it is instructive as well as encouraging to see how carefully the planning has been suited to the occupation, and the interest which the future owners of the land display in the details of construction. The appearance of the buildings is good, and the tenants evidently belong to the class of men who are familiar with the land and its working, though they have come from other districts. As the annual payments, even under the annuity system, which is higher than the instalment system, work out in most cases at well under two pounds per acre, except the small arable holdings, the success of the movement would not seem difficult. The payments for the latter are a little more, and to the former must be added the repayments for building advance. A sanguine spirit prevails, and though their first season has been

a most trying one, a large amount of garden produce has been sent away to all parts of the country, for it is not disposed of locally, and, it is said, at very good prices. The scheme is altogether a most attractive one, and it is to be hoped that it is the forerunner of others of the same nature. AGRICOLA.

THE MUCH-MALIGNED OYSTER.

THE problem of oyster-breeding has not yet been solved. One or two attempts have been made in this country to follow on the lines of chicken incubating, but the result has been failure in each case. Nevertheless, it can but be failure for a time. The theory is sound; it has only to be made perfect in practice. The difficulty is to find men willing to risk their money for an idea be it never so



HAULING IN THE DREDGES.

promising. To listen to the tale of woe proclaimed by former experimenters is usually an effective warning. The plans in each case were well laid. When the oyster spat is falling in the early summer much is at stake. The spat may become an

oyster or it may not. Weather is the determining feature. Cold or changeableness during the first three weeks will be fatal—the spat will die. But if the water can be kept fairly warm, all will go well, the danger spot is passed.

Now, to ensure this equable temperature, enterprising spirits determined to warm the water and keep it so. Pits were laid out and filled, and hot pipes did the rest. The oysters were even protected from the cold winds by sheds around and covering the pits. It was an oyster Paradise. "One shilling for the first!" was the promise of the owner. "Ninepence for the second!" "Sixpence for the third!" And the men went down all eagerness. . . . It might have been a grave; the spat was all dead! Outraged Nature had refused the assistance of man. It seemed, indeed, that it must be so, for when the culch (spatshells) were removed and cast into the sea and the men dredged for them two days later, they were found to be covered with spat. Nothing daunted, the owner tried again; they aerated the water; the oyster must have oxygen. But Nature still rebelled, and man has been forced in the meantime to let her



CLEANING THE OYSTERS.

have her own sweet way. Yet the oyster demands human help if it is to live at all, or, at any rate, to live at its best. All the year round men are at its service. It is as carefully tended as any flower in a garden. Indeed, no flower seems quite so helpless. Or perhaps it is not exposed to the same dangers. There are creatures of the sea which would draw the life out of the oyster if the murderous fangs were not unfolded by the dredger-men; there are all kinds of shellfish which fasten on to it and steal its nourishment. Above all, there is dirt which accumulates on the oyster and prevents its growth. It is the old, old battle at the bottom of the sea for the survival of the fittest, and the oyster is by no means the most fit. Unless it is kept scrupulously clean it will not thrive. Therefore are men employed at this time of the year in cleaning the oysters; in fact, it is almost a constant process.

The sturdy little steamers go out with a crew of seven or eight men, and every man but the engineer has a dredge. The skipper takes his part with the rest. Indeed, he is the leader in all the operations. When his dredge goes over the side, over go the rest. There is no word of command—what the skipper does they all do. He judges when it is time to draw in, and every man is at his rope to the moment. Thirteen or fourteen fathoms he must pull in at high water, and the dredge is not light. To the iron frame is attached a net, which is protected by bullock's hide; diamond-notched with hammer and chisel. Sometimes this cover is of wire; but it is found to be hard on the young oysters and so is seldom used. Very slowly the boat moves along in order that the dredge may scrape the river-bed.

"A little faster than the current—that's the speed," explained the engineer. "An ordinary mechanic's no good here; the engineer's got to understand the other part of the business, too, else there won't be no oysters."

Meanwhile, the men are busy, each at his dredge—four on either side of the stern. Plump! they go into the water, then a certain time they drag until the skipper begins to pull. "Got a monkey," is his terse remark, and sure enough, he pulls his net up only to find it turned the wrong way about.

The other men empty their spoil on to the deck and set to work. Every conceivable thing seems to have fastened on to the oyster. "Five fingers" (star-fish) have closed round it and will eventually kill it; a caking of dirt reveals a small red worm inside, ready to eat into the oyster; burr—a sea hedgehog—has fastened on to the young one; wink-tinkle are there, intent on destruction, and limpets glued one over the other, fast to the helpless oyster.

The cultack (the stout little knife only used in oyster fishery) makes short work of all. The young oysters which are ready to "fish" on their own are separated from the parent—"singled" in dredger-man talk—others which have clung together are sent about their business, for the dredger-men want no "cripples." Under their care the oysters grow clean and well shaped. Some of the enemies are despatched at once; the rest—limpets and whelks—are thrown into baskets ready to go ashore. Nothing is allowed to go back to the oyster-bed. It is surprising that the river does not in time become cleansed of limpets altogether, but it is thought that they are brought in by foreign ships, and naturally they thrive and multiply on the same food which nourishes the oyster. Thirteen or fourteen basketfuls are brought up by a dredger every day. With them come oysters and culch, and by the spat on the latter the dredger-men can tell if it has been a good season. Thirty to forty spat on one shell is considered a good find, although twelve thousand have been reported.

This year spat is covering the shells, and the growth has been very large. Falling in June, the spat usually measures about an inch at this time of year; it is now about one and three-quarter inches. Not since 1868, say the dredger-men, have oysters had such a chance. They need warmth and they have had it, and have taken full advantage of it. No doubt it is this predilection for warmth which makes the oyster flourish in the estuary of the Thames, for the waters flowing over the great expanses of sand attain a higher temperature. Very careful are the dredger-men of the culch.

Pails of water stand ready on the deck to receive them, for the young oysters must not be exposed to the sun. Then when the day's work is done they are taken ashore to their winter bed—the oyster pit. Here they lie, clean and undisturbed, until the spring.

Growth is almost at a standstill during the winter, so that the oysters lose nothing by their confinement. Moreover, they are carefully laid—a single layer along the bottom of the pit, which measures some twenty feet long by ten feet broad and two and a-half feet deep. Every fortnight the water is changed by the spring tides. Cleanliness is, of course, the great advantage of pitting. Cockle shells are laid at the bottom for the oyster to rest upon, and a wash (four gallons) of winkles is put in to eat up the seaweed. When shrimps dart here and there among the shells, the foreman is happy. It is a healthy sign. "If the shrimps can live," he says, "so can the oysters!"

Some pits are kept as a store for full-grown oysters. These have passed through the small brood stage (one year) to the big brood (two years), and then have become half-ware (three years). At the end of five years they are generally ready for eating. And all the time they have been cleaned and cared for. No fear could ever be entertained of eating oysters if the nature of the oyster were better understood. The oyster will not live among dirt and it will not feed on dirt—it does not "fish" well unless the conditions are of the best. The typhoid fever scare has undoubtedly another origin. The mischief is done when the oyster is opened—the knife is dirty or the shell of one oyster is laid against an opened oyster and contaminates it. The oyster industry has suffered much from the common fear. The dredger-men know all about it. Fewer men are employed and no boys are starting the work. There



AT WORK IN THE SORTING ROOM.

is no demand even for the culch, which used to bring in ten shillings a tub. All that is wanted is obtained from what the dredger-men call the "off ground"—that is, the ground which is free to all, that has not an old-time charter making it the monopoly of a certain company.

All along the Roach there are sticks coming up through the water marking the different holdings. That is one reason why, just now, the men are eager to get the culch into the pits. When the gales come the spat-shells are apt to be washed over the boundary. "There's a trick in every trade," said the foreman, with a smile, "except the basket trade, and that you can see through." They have a weekly wage, these dredger-men—one pound per week, as a rule. At one time five or six shillings per "stint" was paid, and each man did his "stint." That was his share of the work, and sometimes it took him a long, sometimes a short, time. It is not hard work as fishing goes. The fact that men well on in life are still at their posts speaks eloquently. The dredger-man's care for the oyster seems to have something of affection in it; but it is only the love of the artist for his work. Oysters do not form part of the dredger-man's diet. "Don't care nothing about them," is the verdict. One great satisfaction is that the men get home at night, and oyster-dredging is regular work. When the dredger-men are not cleaning, they are laying the oysters or pitting them; and when a short, slack time comes in the summer, they are engaged in painting the boats. The irony of the whole business is that, in spite of all the care that is taken, in spite of the oyster's own fastidiousness, the trade is yet hampered by the fear that harm will result from eating oysters. Rejecting all that is harmful itself, refusing even to live among dirt, the oyster is credited with diffusing poison which can only come from the worst impurities.

PEGGY SCOTT.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON reached his eightieth birthday in August of this year, and he has celebrated the event by writing a book of *Autobiographic Memoirs* (Macmillan). There are many obvious advantages about the practice of an eminent man writing his own memoirs, provided that at fourscore he retains his faculties, and particularly his memory. Mr. Harrison does this in an eminent degree, and has also been very much in the habit of keeping diaries and making notes. He describes himself as "one who is never easy until he has a pen in his hand—to me a pen is what a cigarette is to your incorrigible smoker." Thus he has abundant material, and the publication of his own life-history is, in its way, a challenge to fame. A man who publishes two bulky volumes of autobiography at the age of fourscore is plainly asking what the world thinks of the services he has rendered. As if to let physiognomy help literature, he has placed before each volume a picture of himself. Those who only know him on public platforms will learn much from a study of these intelligent features, will see positivism in the English as well as in the French sense in the look of the nose, chin and mouth. If such a face were encountered by chance, it would at once suggest certain defects and qualities, decided opinions unchangeably held, self-confidence to the *n*th degree, copious language, and so forth. Cleverness is exhibited to any extent, the ability to formulate doctrines, the shrewdness to answer difficult questions, and so on; but not the intellectual sympathy that leads to an understanding of men.

When we turn from the photographs to the memoirs, it is to see how they harmonise with and strengthen each other. The word Business is written all over the face; Business, it is true, refined by education, and all that books and University can give; Business rendered unaggressive and remote by freedom from sordid struggle, by ease and happiness, yet, all the same, Business, which is the negative of sentimental traits. And this is exactly what the eugenic philosopher will expect to find from a study of Mr. Harrison's pedigree. He came of that yeoman stock which has supplied England with so many of her stoutest sons—a stock which he describes as being of "strong Biblical spirit and hard nature." The breed, with its heart of flint yet frank eye, its piety on one side and frugality on the other, still every week sends representatives to every country market where there is chaffer in kine and potatoes, in pigs or poultry. But several important changes had occurred to modify the type before the author's appearance. His grandfather had left the paternal acres at Stocking Farm, Leicestershire, and, having married a lady of Welsh descent, pursued business in London, where Mr. Harrison's father was born in 1799. This father started out to be an architect, but by the age of seventeen had changed his plans and joined a firm of stockbrokers, where he appears to have flourished and done well. He is described as "one of the most economical and abstemious of men." His domestic accounts were kept with as detailed and scrupulous exactitude as those of the stockbroking firm could possibly have been, with the result that the books supply much information that is invaluable now. He married a Belfast Irish-woman. Thus, then, we see Mr. Frederic Harrison emerge from a line of yeomen, hard and religious, the later members of which retained the family piety and lost none of its frugal spirit. In the female line Welsh and Orange-Irish blood were added.

All this is of the more importance because the dominating fact in these memoirs is that Mr. Frederic Harrison passes from the Christian ranks to those of Positivism. This is a change of which he is most conspicuously proud. Its recital is the organ note of the volumes. Many lighter themes are touched. Mr. Harrison is not a Victorian, but a Georgian. He remembers the death of William IV. and the accession of Queen Victoria. He remembers the Great Duke riding down Piccadilly in his later infirm days: "He seemed to ride like a man asleep, reeling from side to side, and in imminent danger of falling . . . like a phantom, hardly a living man." He can recall the raptures he used to feel over the monthly parts of an early novel of Dickens or Thackeray—"David Copperfield" or "Vanity Fair"—in their paper covers, or over "Jane Eyre," "Alton Locke," "The Last of the Barons" and "The Caxtons." Perhaps the reader of the more critical and less easily self-satisfied type will not be so overwhelmed by this list as Mr. Harrison expects, and yet we agree that there is at least some truth in the bitter diatribe up to which it leads:

To teach boys and girls to read print, whilst leaving them sunk in the materialised state of mind and morals typical of modern anarchy, without beliefs, or ideals, or principles, or duties—this is to inaugurate a millennium of vapid commonplace and vulgar realism. As I start on a railway journey, I

sometimes turn to the bookstall to see if I could find anything which would occupy me for an idle hour. I see one hundred "short stories," sixpenny shockers, drivellers, chatterers by the gross; I see fifty monthlies or weeklies at one shilling, sixpence, or fourpence-halfpenny; but I see not one page that can be called literature.

But education, literary opinion, travel incidents and so forth count as nothing in his mind as compared with Positivism. We shall give his own record without comment. As a raw lad of eighteen he went up to Oxford "with the remnants of boyish Toryism and orthodoxy still holding on." He left it "a Republican, a democrat and a Freethinker." The turning-point rested in his famous first interview with Auguste Comte. The account of it is very curious reading:

He received me with the utmost courtesy and good nature, saying that he had just finished his fourth volume of the *Politique*, and was taking a short rest. He was very short, with a big head, and a look of great nervous energy—of the type of Thiers—yet with an air of dignity and fine bearing. He asked me what I knew of his writings. I replied, Miss Martineau's translation, of which I could follow only the second (historical and sociological) volume, and that I still called myself a Christian. He asked what were my studies; and finding that I had done almost nothing in science and little in mathematics, he said "that accounted for my mental condition!" He then asked me what parts of his system specially attracted me, and to what points he should address himself. I mentioned several. On each topic he spoke for ten minutes or more with extreme volubility, precision, and brilliance, and at a pause, asked me if he should continue this topic or pass to another.

We fear that the reading of this passage will cause many an irreverent smile. In truth, it is impossible for a sound, common-sense Englishman to sympathise with Mr. Harrison's creed. We do not refer to its doctrinal nature. This is a tolerant age, in which it is fully recognised that as there are many minds so must there be many opinions, and it is not right to challenge a man's beliefs, since he alone is responsible for them. But if they lead to a perverse and mischievous action in moments of national crisis, it is a different matter. In regard to such questions as affect India, South Africa and Egypt, his positive eyes always see wrongly. The only fair and democratic test to apply is whether a policy is or is not good for the people it affects. Mr. Harrison, after admitting that Lord Cromer's policy was of priceless value to the wretched fellaheen, objects to it as opposed to Nationalism. He writes a travesty of the history that preceded the Boer War and condemns Mr. Chamberlain in order to make a hero of the late Mr. Kruger. His views on India take no adequate account of the benefit of British rule to the native States. Those on Ireland are obsolete. The situation is utterly changed from what it was in 1886, when they were promulgated. By their fruits ye shall know them—a philosophy that leads to conclusions such as these is self-condemned. Mr. Frederic Harrison is an extremely clever man, but one with a bee in his bonnet, as they say in the North.

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

Reminiscences of an Old 'Un, by Frank N. Streatfeild, C.M.G. (Eveling Nash, 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. FRANK STREATFEILD has had an adventurous life. He has seen a man killed in a card dispute over a South American bar and a Gaucho shot for murder outside Rosario gaol. He has been the Commandant of "Streatfeild's Fingers" through the Kaffir War; he has walked alone in the dawn into a Kaffir camp to interview a rebellious chief and walked out again with the expectation of an assegai in his back. He is the only man who ever recovered from the bite of a puff adder, and it is a source of some additional satisfaction to him that the puff adder failed to survive the shock. He has walked thirty-four miles to a cricket match, bowled nearly all day, and walked two-and-twenty miles home again; he has shot, fished, played cricket, made friends, and occasionally knocked his man down in all parts of the world, and through it all he has brought an irrepressible power of enjoyment and an equally irrepressible tendency to express his views of everybody and everything in language that is sometimes forcible to the verge of violence. He might have written a better book if he had not confused the style that is easy with that which is familiar and if he had had a greater sense of proportion. There is, especially in the earlier part, much that might have been compressed, and some things that ought to have been left out altogether. Indeed, we make so bold as to suggest that the reader should "skip" to begin with and take up Mr. Streatfeild's life when he goes to the Argentine to grow flax. He grew no flax, but he saw life face to face, stripped of all the frills of civilisation. He has one really wonderful story of how "out of pure mischief," as he says, he deliberately put his neck into the noose, accepted the offer of a drink from a shady stranger and accompanied him to a river-side den of thieves in Rosario. The barman turned his back for a moment as he mixed the drink, and this significant action awoke Mr. Streatfeild to his danger. He hit his host "a real winner" on the jaw and dashed away, a yelling crowd of cut-throats at his heels; ran to the river, jumped in and swam till he was picked up by a friendly cargo boat. Really Mr. Streatfeild is something of an anachronism. With his reckless pluck and cheerful love of a fight he would have been more at home in the fantastic times of the Georges. Here is a story that is worthy of the great Jack Mytton himself. He came across a motley crew in a public-house trying with terriers to draw a badger in a tub. Having expressed his views of the terriers, he was jeeringly invited to draw the badger

himself, and instantly betted five pounds that he would do so. In his own words, "I took off my coat, bared my arm and put it elbow first into the poor old badger, who fixed it like a shot and I brought him out hanging on to my arm. I took him by the scruff of the neck and when he let go I chucked him to the nearest welshe, or whatever he was, with the remark, 'There's your damned badger and now you'll pay up and look pleasant.'" Even so, Mr. Streatfeild nearly had to fight for his five pounds, but his adversary wisely thought better of it and he walked off happy with his bite and his money. The most consistently interesting part of the book is that in which the author tells his adventures in the Kaffir War, when he fought with Sir Evelyn Wood and Sir Redvers Buller, and his life as a magistrate in the remote and solitary Transkei. Among other things, too long to quote, there is a really charming picture of a deputation of Galeka chiefs coming to see the little Miss Streatfeild, then three months old, and holding her "as though she was made of spun glass," after which they were entertained with cake and glasses of port and the Soldier's Chorus out of "Faust." It is with his Galekas, whom he loved and who loved him, that Mr. Streatfeild is at his best. He is not always at his best, and, indeed, the book has many faults; but in spite of these faults, and perhaps, in a measure, because of them, we get that really interesting thing, a very vivid picture of the author. His is an ever-youthful spirit, full of vitality and kindness and prejudices, and a courage that is "equal to either fortune."

BETTER THAN EVER.

Dan Russel the Fox, by E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross. (Methuen.) ONE could count on the fingers of one hand those modern writers whose last books have been as good as were their first. Especially lately, there has been hardly a famous name that has kept its output up to its high tradition, as we have had occasion to remark more than once in these pages. But E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross are among the little company—not among the large. Every book they publish sends their name higher. The same undeviated perceptions, the same un-self consciousness and spontaneity of wit, the same humour and pathos, the same happiness of construction and balance of parts as marked their first stories mark their last. They remain quite untouched by their reviewers and indifferent to their public. They are the very essence of the best that Ireland produces, unstrained and touching, courageous and witty. If anything, this last novel records an advance. In the study of the two chief characters, Katherine Rowan and John Michael, there is a touch of psychological insight and a subtlety of perception which is not so evident in the other books. Moreover, the story ends not unhappily—but not happily—as have all the others. It merely ends naturally. There is more than hunting here—more than the wonderful rendering of Irish scenery and Irish characters—more than that intangible, unmistakable atmosphere of good breeding which is so characteristic of the productions of these two Irishwomen. It is a most sympathetic and lovable story, this tale of Miss Rowan's appreciation of an Irish sportsman who "regarded her almost as kindly as if she were a hound." All the country-sides have voices, and all the animals, each one hit off with an inimitable insight into animal nature, do everything but speak. It is the apotheosis of laughter and of simplicity; and, above all, of courage, that first of the virtues. It is lit with epigram—such as the acute remark that "it is the excessive common-sense of the Irish people that makes them unconventional," which is perfectly true, but has never been discovered before that we know of. And it leaves us with an earnest and resentful hope that even if Katherine could not marry the silent and reserved John Michael, and we sorrowfully agree that perhaps she could not, she at least did not, after having seen what life and a man could be, go and marry the complex, sneering, bicycle-riding, literary Ulick Adare.

MR. HENRY JAMES' LATEST NOVEL.

The Outcry, by Henry James. (Methuen.)

THIS is a tale after Henry James' own heart, for it is not a tale so much as a subtle, singular and significant situation. The characters talk as no English people ever could or would talk; but they emerge from their bewildering remarks, and even from their bewildering silences, with a clearness and a distinction of outline such as only Henry James can impart—though one reviewer, at any rate, has never yet been able to make up his mind whether he does it so well because of his peculiarities or in spite of them. The scene is an aristocratic English home, the characters are all Henry-Jamesed English people, the subject is the sale of a famous and priceless picture, a national treasure, to an American millionaire. Mr. James' stories are like diamonds—many-sided, and each side with a flash; so that it is difficult to select any one of his subtle significances for especial comment. But the chief flash, and a flash it is, of scathing satire and irony, is the criminal aspect an Englishman presents when he sells for the benefit of his own pocket a treasure that is so great as to be an asset of his race. A secondary flash, not less mordant, is the picture of the author's own countryman, the unspeakably vulgar being who buys the picture. We are glad Mr. James has raised his voice on this subject. It is a bitter one to the English, who can only

look on in silence while their great men prove to England and the world how little some of them care for the symbols of the greatness that matters so deeply.

A GENTLE GIANT.

Juggernaut, by E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)

THERE is nothing of the Juggernaut about Mr. Benson himself. He advances in the mildest and most meandering fashion, careful about everyone and everything he comes across, and sometimes he moves so slowly that you can hardly say he gets on at all. Not that there is much here to get to. Margery's love affairs are as gentle as she is herself, and her Aunt Aggie's muddled efforts to prevent anybody falling in love with her are so unsuccessful from the outset that they never cause us a moment's anxiety. Then Walter, whom Margery should have chosen, is brave and unselfish when she does not choose him; and Arnold, whom she does choose, is mildness itself, in spite of being chosen, and in spite of the Juggernaut too, that gradually shows itself as advancing ruthlessly over his love, and his wife, and his child, and even his humanity. He is an excavator, an antiquary, an enthusiast on ancient civilisations; and all the world knows what kind of a husband that kind of a man can make when he really sets about it. But Margery sets about her enthusiasm too, and that is the charm and interest of the story—this picture of an ardent, young, vigorous human woman adapting herself to the conditions of her life with this ruthless, blind, gentle creature. It is, indeed, the charm of the whole book, for it shows throughout kindly natures making the best of things with tears and courage and inalienable hope.

PETER PAN'S STORY.

Peter and Wendy, by J. M. Barrie. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

MR. BARRIE has added to the children's library a book that will take its place beside "Alice in Wonderland." And before saying anything about the matter of it we may at once congratulate the publishers on the exquisite form in which they present the book to the public. In regard to taste and comfort, the paper, binding, printing and illustration leave nothing more to be desired. It may safely be prophesied that the book will be one of the most popular of Christmas presents. To describe it is no easy matter, especially if we try to lay aside all former knowledge and prepossessions and regard it purely as a new story book. The impression it leaves on the mind is that of a set of lovely marionettes handled with superb cleverness and staged in a land of dreams. The story might have come to an imaginative child after reading about Peter Pan in "The Little White Bird." The fugitives, going "second to the right and straight on till morning," float away to that Neverland where the adventures of fancy take place. Here they find the pirates endeared to them by early reading and tradition, Hook and Smee and the other picturesque cut-throats who sailed the Spanish Main. Here are the Delaware Indians and the Hurons, with the fair Tiger Lily, who go on the warpath and circumvent the white foe just as they did in the pages of Fenimore Cooper and Captain Mayne Reid. In recounting their cunning and valorous deeds Mr. Barrie often throws in a touch of the style of the original historian, with a deftness to remind us he is an old journalistic hand. Occasionally his satire takes a more biting form, as in his treatment of the staid head of the house, Mr. Darling, "one of those deep ones who know about stocks and shares. Of course no one really knows, but he quite seemed to know, and he often said stocks were up and shares were down in a way that would have made any woman respect him." The keenest touch in the book is reserved for him. As penance for allowing his children to escape through the window, he forces himself to live in the dog kennel; but in time he grows to love it. His wife at times seems to doubt the penitential character of his atonement, and enquires timidly, "You are as full of remorse as ever, aren't you?" He replies: "Full of remorse as ever, dearest! See my punishment: living in a kennel." Still she is not quite sure he is not enjoying it, and after another protest she begs his pardon, "and then feeling drowsy he curled round in the kennel." The windows are kept open in the hope that the children will return; but in his thoughtlessness he asks Mrs. Darling to play him to sleep on the nursery piano "and shut that window. I feel a draught." It is a touch that unites the adult to the children, who are not only "gay and innocent and heartless" but forgetful. Peter Pan, in fact, is a new embodiment of Ariel, the one creation in literature who can sing his song untouched by human feeling or human passion. Mr. Barrie the moralist, surveying the work of Mr. Barrie the teller of stories, often throws in a word to signify that the gusts of human grief and passion are no more than the little clouds of dust raised by the summer wind and disappearing as quickly as they come. The children and their dreams, down to the flannels they wear and the little coddling tricks they imitate from their parents, are of the town. Kensington Gardens form their country. However, the uncritical child will not stop to think of this any more than he will see the melancholy and even bitterness which, as it were in spite of the author, well up here and there in mockery of human life and human aspiration.

ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

THE GOLFER ON PUBLIC COMMONS.

ANY golf grounds are public places, where the mere spectator has an equal right with you, a finished golfer. Bear in mind, therefore, that his moving aside or his standing still, at your request, are purely acts of courtesy, and that he has a right to expect this request to be couched in terms of what is sometimes called common politeness. These words form Section VIII. of the 1903, that is to say, the twelfth, edition of "Hints on Golf," and are in the chapter specially addressed to "Golfers of Ripper Years," but they occurred in the first edition of the book also. Golfers' years are, therefore, a good deal ripper than they were when these words were first addressed to them, yet it seems, from some recent correspondence, that they need the hint as much now as ever they did, if not more so. There have been several letters to the daily

papers pointing out the golfer's abuse of public commons—and even of public commoners—from which it clearly appears that he has grown no ripper in his reason, however his physical case may be. I can bear personal witness to the same effect, for it happened lately to me, walking on Ashdown Forest, which is not a public common, though something very like it, to be yelled at by a party of golfers for all the world as if I were a hare trying to break back through the beating line. They were strangers, and I hope will remain so. When I told them I was a commoner, with at least as much right there as they, they were very grudgingly apologetic. When I left them I saw them ask one of the caddies who I was, and when this piece of information had been given one of them ran after me and said they "would not have done it if they had known who I was." This seemed to make the offence yet more rank. I pointed out that I wished for no preferential treatment because I had played golf longer than they had.

What I wanted was that they should be decently civil and considerate to all the public. It is impossible to say things strong enough about the folly of the golfer who does not show this consideration. It is for the golfer's sake I am writing this. The end of it all will be that he will be turned off the public commons if he does not mend his manners; and the hard luck is that the many who are tolerably considerate will then have to suffer for the folly and incivility of the few.

THE WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE STATES.

Speaking personally, I am very sorry that Miss Dorothy Campbell failed to win the Women's Championship of the United States. I have not the pleasure of knowing Miss Curtis, her conqueror, though she has played several times in our ladies' championship. It would have been a mighty honour to Miss Campbell to be champion all at once of Great Britain, Canada and the United States. On the other hand, taking wider than personal views, is it not as well that this championship remains with the Americans? They accepted Mr. Hilton's win like real good sportsmen, and it would have been just a little hard on them had Miss Campbell yet again proved herself better than their best lady. Our national honour is very well satisfied. The London Press Golfing Society is entertaining Mr. Hilton to a complimentary dinner to mark appreciation of all he has done, and designs for further and larger honour of the like kind are abroad—very rightly, for the occasion is great. We hear from America that Mr. Hilton's visit has inspired great keenness there—keenness to profit by the object-lessons he has taught them, and no golfer gives better or clearer lessons of the kind, for not only has he a large number of strokes at which he is very skilful, but also his methods of executing them are very obvious and plain to see. That they are therefore easy to perform does not follow, but he helps us more than most of the masters to see how they are done.

MR. EVANS AND DUNCAN.

Whether he taught Mr. "Chick" Evans anything we do not know. Mr. Evans had not a great deal left to learn; but certainly one of the best things that that merry young golfer has done must have been his golf at Homewood, when he and Mr. Wood, a local amateur, beat Duncan and Donaldson, who used to be at the North Kent Club, by 7 and 6 in a best ball thirty-six-hole match. Mr. Evans was round in 71 in the morning, and Duncan in the same score in the afternoon. We read of Mr. Hilton chiding the Americans for the deliberation with which they play. He himself, as we all know, travels between his strokes as if he was in a go-as-you-please race. But in George Duncan they have in America the champion lightning stroke player, no matter of what else Mr. Hilton may be champion. If the Americans really are such slow-coaches—I have not found them so, but then my own pace never exceeds the legal maximum—Duncan is surely the man to quicken them.

H. G. H.

AN ANTILOPE FOR LONG DRIVING.

I was talking the other day at Walton Heath to a highly-distinguished professional who, for once in a way, had failed to qualify for the big tournament. We were discussing the really ludicrous distances that people were driving on the hard ground with heavy, little balls, and the way in which even the most gigantic of two-shot holes were thus brought down to the level of "a kick and a spit"—to quote the aphorism of the late Mr. E. H. Buckland. With that formidable shake of the head which is so characteristic of him, my ex-champion propounded a new remedy. "Shove in the cross-bunkers, sir," he said, "shove in the cross-bunkers." His theory was that cross-bunkers would compel people to hit a higher ball from the tee, and so the ball would not run such a prodigious distance. I was a little surprised at this, because I should have thought that the best professional drivers now hit a higher ball than they did a few years back. His opinion—and it is certainly entitled to the greatest respect—was that this was not so, at any rate since the introduction of the small, heavy balls. There does seem, however, one almost fatal objection to this reform. If a cross-bunker is to be put so far from the tee as to make Braid hit a high-carrying ball with less run on it, none of the rest of us will be able to carry that bunker at all, and that really would make the game rather poor fun for us. I do not quite see how

it is to be done as long as champions and ordinary mortals play on the same courses. The ordinary mortals are in a considerable majority, and they would probably rebel to some purpose. The theory seems to me more interesting than practicable.

THE FOURTH HOLE AT WOKING AGAIN.

A *propos* of cross-bunkers, some new bunkers have lately been made at that much-debated fourth hole at Woking. At this hole, as a great many people know, there is a bunker exactly in the middle of the fairway that can just comfortably be reached by a good full drive. Those who uphold this bunker say that the bunker is there, perfectly visible from the tee, and that you must drive on one side of it or the other. Those who dislike it swear by all their gods that it is monstrous to trap a good shot hit straight on the pin. Now, this famous, or infamous, bunker no longer enjoys a solitary glory in the middle of the course, for a whole series of little pots have been made on the left-hand side of it. They are made *en échelon*—that is, I believe, the correct term—and guard the whole left-hand side of the fairway between the original bunker and the rough. So now, if a man chooses the left-hand line from the tee, he must not only steer clear of the middle bunker, but must also hit a sufficiently long ball to carry these new ones; an inglorious "scuffle" to the left will avail no longer. The result will be to drive more people to attempt the best, but most perilous, line to the right and steer close to the railway line. A perfect shot on this line gives a clear run up and a chance of a three, but it also involves a considerable chance of slicing out of bounds. The really pawky player—and perhaps he is the wisest—will still be able to take an iron from the tee and play short of all the trouble; but for those who are less cautious, the hole has certainly gained both in difficulty and interest.

MAJOR WREFORD-BROWN.

Major Wreford-Brown is a very excellent secretary at a very excellent course. This course is Worplesdon, where there is much golf played and plenty of hard work for a secretary, especially in such a summer as we have just enjoyed, when it is a desperate task to keep greens in good order. Major Wreford-Brown is a good and steady golfer, but golf is very far from being his only game. At Sandhurst he was captain both of the cricket and football teams, and he afterwards captained the regimental team both at polo and cricket for ten years. He served for twenty-one years in the Essex Regiment, and fought both in the Tirah Campaign and in the South African War. Major Wreford-Brown comes of a great game-playing family, one of his brothers being the famous football player who played for England, the

Corinthians and the Old Carthusians more times than anyone, save a

B. D.



MAJOR WREFORD-BROWN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONCERNING THE GAIT OF STOCKWELL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In describing the sale of the Burghley Stud, "The Druid" writes in "Post and Paddock" (edition 1857, page 296), "Stockwell came ambling out in his peculiar style, with his Roman head and massive muscular points much fined down since he all but broke Teddington's heart."—TOM GARNETT.

CEMENT FOUNTAIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think perhaps that your correspondent of the letter headed "Management of a Cement Fountain," which appears in this week's COUNTRY LIFE may be interested to know something of our experience in the matter. We have a small, oblong-shaped artificial pond in our garden, cement-lined, in which have been planted a lily and a flowering rush (in wicker baskets). In the early part of last summer we thought it would make an ideal home for goldfish, as the lily had spread very much and flowered freely, so we knew the fish would have plenty

of shade, and also the thin green slime was much in evidence, which we thought they would rather enjoy than otherwise! So we transferred four young goldfish from a glass tank in a local tradesman's shop to the pond and awaited results. The little fellows seemed to take very kindly to their new quarters, and all through the intense heat of the summer showed no signs of distress; in fact, were as lively and jolly as little sandboys, and have grown perceptibly. We give them a few ant's eggs occasionally, otherwise they find plenty of food to their own liking in the pond. We are now curious to see how they will get on in the coming winter.—F. W.

A FAMOUS ATHLETE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Seldom, indeed, if ever, will so extraordinarily successful a career in the athletic world be known as that which has so lately and so unexpectedly been ended at Rothamsted by the death of Sir Charles Bennet Lawes-Wittewronge. Both in running and in rowing, which were by far the most important amateur competitions of his time, "Charley Lawes" not only excelled all his equals in age, but defeated them, when they entered the lists against him, with an apparent ease that fairly astonished all spectators, while in cycling, which was unknown until long afterwards as a form of racing on the track, he succeeded, after he had arrived at an age when most men are quite superannuated, in setting up records for a number of distances varying from twenty-five to more than thirty miles. It was in 1858 at Eton, when, being then of the age of fourteen only, he, to the amazement of the whole school, won the "tub" sculling against all competitors. In the following year he was only beaten for the Eton sculls by one boy, and with that same one won the "pulling." The next year found him an easy winner of the sculls and in the Eton eight, and before he left he was captain of the boats. But before this he had exhibited at least equal prowess on the turf, which was then the substitute for the running path. For in 1860 he won the mile and the steeplechase at Eton, and next year, on the same day, carried off the first prize for the one hundred yards, the hurdles and the three hundred and fifty yards, which, curiously enough, was then the distance run instead of the "quarter." Coming up to Cambridge in the autumn of 1862 he, in his very first term, won the Colquhoun Sculls, and in the following summer won the Diamonds at Henley before he had completed his twentieth year. In 1864, when the Inter-University sports were first held, having already won the mile at Cambridge, he appeared to represent his University against Oxford, and won without any apparent difficulty. A year later he won the two miles at Cambridge, and the mile race in the Champion Sports inaugurated by the A.A.C. In the summer of the same year he rowed second for the Diamonds, and won the Wingfield Sculls at Putney, where he had already stroked the Cambridge eight in their losing race against Oxford. Thus at the age of only twenty-two he was able to retire from the river and the running-path, having secured in each of the two leading departments of athletics the highest possible distinction, and in one of them having carried off successfully all the four prizes which have any real importance in the eyes of rowing men. In stature he was neither tall nor short, and in weight neither heavy nor light. He rowed at about eleven stone five pounds, and by the ease and grace with which he naturally moved gave one the false impression that he was not violently exerting himself in any race. His cycling feats were accomplished after he was fifty-five.—MERLIN.

OWLS AND A RAVEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This is a story of two owls and a raven. The raven was a bird with a clipped wing, he was tame and very clever, and he lived in a garden in the corner of which was an old big tree, hollow at the heart, and in the hollow a pair of barn owls had taken up their lodging. One day it so happened that the gardener had the opportunity to watch a very strange contest. The raven, came hopping along under the very tree that they inhabited. It so happened that they had, just at this time, some newly-hatched young ones, for whose safety they were very solicitous. Seeing the raven approach, they seem to have feared that the sable rascal was meditating an attack on their babies, so they anticipated it by attacking him, who was really quite innocent of evil intent, on their own account. The raven appears to have contented himself at first with a defensive attitude, though the buffets and clawings of the sharp-taloned owls must have been bad enough to bear. At last he retaliated and a very few pecks of his great beak were enough to stretch both his assailants dead. And now begins what is perhaps the most curious part of the story. Hitherto it seems that the raven had acted rather a dignified part, defending himself at first, and at length, when provoked out of all patience, finishing off his opponents in a clean and sportsmanlike way like a true knight. But no sooner had he them thus dead before him than he seems to have become inspired with some strange "Berserker" rage and lust of mutilation, for he went for the two corpses and literally stripped them stark naked of their decent covering of feathers until all the lawn was littered with them as if a feather bed had been ripped open on it. It is rather a quaint story.—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

STARLINGS FEEDING ON THE WING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of October 14th, a correspondent—T. S. Hague—enquires whether other folk have seen starlings feeding, swallow-like, on the wing. I have seen them doing so many times, but only on exceptional occasions! As far as memory and a diary serve me, the starling only seems to feed upon the wing when flying ants are about. It sometimes happens in the ant colonies of one district that all the queen ants' cocoons give birth to their fat winged inmates on one day, and all the swarms take their marriage flight together. Of course, the air is thick with them. From my study window on the fringe of a port town I have seen starlings, gulls, jackdaws and rooks all circling with the swallows when such flights take place. The efforts of the larger birds were most laughable; the jackdaws, as they missed time after time, would raise a furious clatter, while the gulls and rooks often lost their balance completely in trying to turn. The starlings, though more agile than these, clearly showed that they were not adepts at the game; they could not persuade themselves to fly with open beaks and let the ants slip in; they would bear down upon the insects at express speed, but at the last minute put on the brake until they sat upright on their tails in mid-air to deliver the final peck. Does not this occasional habit of the starling throw a great light on records of late and hibernating

"swallows," to which so much credit was attached in the days of Gilbert White? The back view of a flying starling is very much like that of a swallow, and when the starling takes to catching flies, a distant or a rapid glimpse of him is likely to deceive even the most accurate of observers.—G. S. ARTHURS.

THE LABOURER'S WAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am given to understand that a movement is on foot to get the agricultural labourers to join the labourers' societies with the object of securing better conditions of employment for them. In the event of this being done and a demand made to the farmers for an increase of wages, less hours of labour, etc., what will be the position of the agriculturist, who, if he is unable to secure labour at the old rate, will be compelled to pay the higher rate demanded? Will he be able to place it upon the price of his produce, or will he have to grin and bear it out of his own pocket, like he has to bear the cost of the workmen's insurance? In various parts of the country the labouring classes have demanded and, in some instances, secured increases of pay, which in some cases the employers were powerless to refuse.—HUSBANDMAN.

A COW AND GOLF BALLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—About two years ago a friend informed me that when golfing on the links at Filey he had had a ball eaten by a white cow. A few days ago I was staying at Filey, so made enquiries concerning this creature of strange tastes. It seems the cow is still alive and well, and, moreover, was seen quite lately to swallow another golf ball. My first informant told me that he was quite afraid of relating his story, as it was always received with such derision; but now, as there is absolutely no doubt that this extraordinary cow does eat golf balls, and has survived the diet for quite two years, I may venture to recount how she achieved the operation in the case of my friend's challenger. He had driven well right up the straight and saw his ball stop near the cow. She went up to it, and on getting nearer he saw she was mouthing it, so ran towards her shouting, with a view to making her drop it. Instead of doing this, she picked up the ball and went off with it, my friend in chase behind. After a short distance the cow ran into a small pond, took a good gulp of water and swallowed the ball. On complaining of the cow at the club house, my informant was told that the same animal had been known to occasionally swallow golf balls before. It would be interesting to know what happens to the ball in the cow's inside, especially when she has digested the outer cover and the core begins to unwind. Also, would it cause an india-rubbery taste in the milk?—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

THE TOOTHED SICKLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I be allowed to give your readers a little more information than is contained in your correspondent's recent letter, and perhaps remove a few wrong impressions that have probably been created by some inferences he has drawn. I am not an old man, but when I was a youth the sickle was a fairly common tool in this part of Wiltshire, and there must be hundreds of your readers among shooting-men who still lament the passing of the sickle, which in the olden days left the stubble quite knee high, and made the pretty sport of partridge-shooting as our grandfathers and fathers knew it. The surmise that this quaint old implement was used "by those who could not afford the then more modern appliances" is absolutely wrong. The reaper did not hold the corn in his arm and put the sickle to the roots as described. The ancient phrase "thrust in thy sickle" is the more appropriate; and as the sickle was thrust in the wrist gave it a circular motion, which brought together a fairly large bunch for the left hand to grasp, and the straws were severed not by a circular motion, but by a dragging saw, hence the necessity for the teeth. Neither was the sickle "put to the roots." That operation would have defeated the object of hand-reaping, which was to leave the stubble "knee high," and with it weeds and weed seeds which could not have been afterwards winnowed from the wheat.—NORTH WILTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I well remember the toothed sickle and the way in which it was used; but it was not in popular favour by "shereing men"; and this was because it took a longer and stronger pull to cut through the regulation armful of corn, for they said "th' towth's howded it," and to cut with one of them was "tiring work." Another reason was that the toothed sickle was not so easy to sharpen as the plain-bladed one. Our village blacksmith made both kinds, not as a particular branch of his trade, as they took long to make, and as he was the only one who could sharpen the toothed sickle properly, his orders for the tool were few. The ordinary sickle blade could be sharpened with the sickle or scythe-stone sharpener, but the stone could not get properly into the teeth of the toothed ones, and, to make a good edge a small file was used. A word about this village blacksmith may be of interest. A strong, middle-built man, there was hardly anything in the way of smithing which he would not undertake, from the making of a merely twisted nut-borer for the village lads, or a "ring" for pig-ringing (which was not a ring at all), to an iron "plew." He made all his own tools, except hammer-heads and anvils, and was an adept at rasps, cutting and bending them. Never happier than when at his work, he was hardly ever out of his smithy, and at nights his good wife sat just within the smithy door knitting as she watched with pride her husband and her sturdy son as they worked at all sorts of jobs "i' th' stithy." He would not work on a Sunday, even for his best customers, yet did not object to begin work at one o'clock on a Monday morning.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The toothed sickle figured on page 529 of the October 7th number, would seem to be identical with the four given at page 182 in Miss Jekyll's "Old West Surrey." My father tells me that when engaged (about 1850) as a lad in the general shop at Farningham, Kent, he used to sell this kind of sickle at 1s. 6d. each. When, however, the reaping-machines came into use their sale fell off. It happened that the first reaping-machines to be made in this country were made at Farningham. Mr. Dray, a farmer there, had also an interest in the business of Dean, Dray and Dean, agricultural implement dealers at Old Swan Pier. They bought Hussey's Patent at the 1851 Exhibition and started a factory

in the village for its manufacture. So great was the demand for this and for gold-washing cradles (the Californian fever was raging then) that local supplies of wood were exhausted. My father, being a lad handy with his tools, was one of the first workmen taken on, and recalls, still quite vividly, the three weeks' headache caused by working in the fumes from the red-hot boring in green timber, all the seasoned wood available having been used up. We thought this reminiscence might interest your readers.—
WALTER GANDY, JUN.

A SALMON LEAPING. [TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I send for your inspection a photograph of a salmon leaping the falls of Shin, Sutherlandshire. The fall is some fifteen feet high, and only about one in every fifty is able to jump up the fall. I noticed that only the larger salmon, of from fifteen to thirty pounds, were able to get up, because they both had to leap the fall, and to swim against a tremendously rapid current at the head of the fall. In a few cases they were swept back over the fall.—JOHN TAYLOR.

LINNEA BOREALIS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The lovely twin-flower, which was added to the British flora over a hundred and twenty years ago by the younger Beattie, has spread over much of Scotland in the districts where fir woods abound, and is known to have reached Yorkshire even at the date of the publication of "Hooker's Students' Flora." Since that time the general public have little chance of knowing what progress it is making Southward. A friend showed me the other day an undoubted spray which she gathered in West Hampshire. It would interest many to learn something of the diffusion of this little favourite in Southern England.—A. MACDONALD.

A RETRIEVER'S DIFFICULTIES.

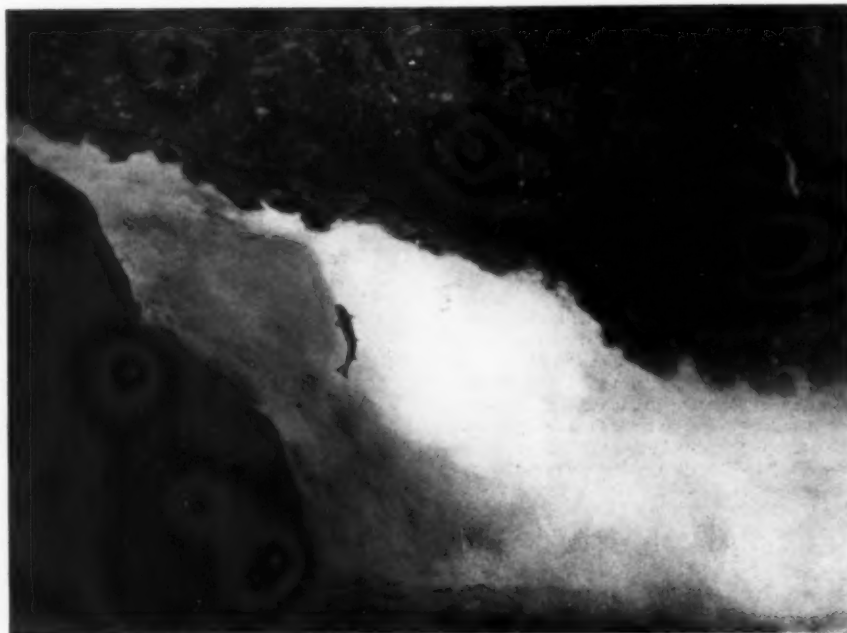
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—These two little pictures of my dog attempting to get through a sheep fence with a grouse in his mouth, and finally jumping the fence without dropping the grouse, may interest some of your many readers. If you think this likely, I hope you will reproduce them in COUNTRY LIFE.—F. W. PARSONS.



RETRIEVING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

cuckoos. The following letter from the keeper who found the egg may, however, interest your correspondent: "The cuckoo's egg I found was perfectly fresh, and had been sat on a few days. There were three hedge-sparrow's eggs and the



LEAPING THE FALLS.

things it does not differ from the time when "plews" were made on the old lines, and when there was no sowing except by hand. Yet there is a difference; tea was almost unknown, except on Sundays, as a labourer's "drinkin'" sixty years ago. His drink in most cases was "yarb beer," of his wife's making. Bread with butter was also Sunday fare; it was bread and seam, or bread with bacon "cold boiled." Seam, like beer, was home-made from the "pig-killin'," which was twice a year, and was out "twenty-stun" or "ston" pigs, for the old country cottager, who was "pig-proud," did not consider the result good unless his pig "cam owt o't stee" at that weight, or more, when

A LABOURER'S DAY.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—You publish a picture of a labourer's day of the present time probably, and in most



OVER!

"deed an' bleed." As a rule, he found in the oven or on "th' hob" a drink first thing nicely warm, and he came back to breakfast on a porridge of milk porridge or a dish of hot "hasty puddin'," which he ate with "saut an' treacle." He broke his fast with "leven o'clock," which might be gooseberry or apple pastry or bread and cheese, and took his drink from a round-bellied stoneware bottle, which might be beer or milk. Dinner-time was also teatime, a homely and varied meal. On baking days there would be "barm-dumplings"—a tasty dish eaten hot from the pot—a hole torn in each to hold a little pat of butter, with sugar or treacle added. On other days suet dumplings with vegetables.—R. T.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It would be a matter for regret if readers of the sketch regarding "An Agricultural Labourer's Day" gained the impression that "George Ling's" finances are typical of the farm labourer generally. The writer places his weekly wage at 13s., of which 2s. 6d. goes for rent, 1s. to the medical attendance fund and 1s. 6d. to the sick club. In this corner of the globe the "horseman's" weekly wage averages about 15s., with cottage and garden, rent and rates free—total, 17s. 6d.—with some small perquisites besides. Hereabouts, instead of the sick club costing 1s. 6d. per week, the labourer pays about 7d. for membership in old-established societies, and, far from paying 1s. a week to the medical attendance fund, he may secure the advantage of the District Nursing Association for an annual subscription of 2s. or 2s. 6d. If "George Ling's" weekly budget is correctly stated by your contributor, he deserves sincere sympathy; but, please, Mr. Editor, do not let the impression get abroad that it is typical.—NORTH WILTS.